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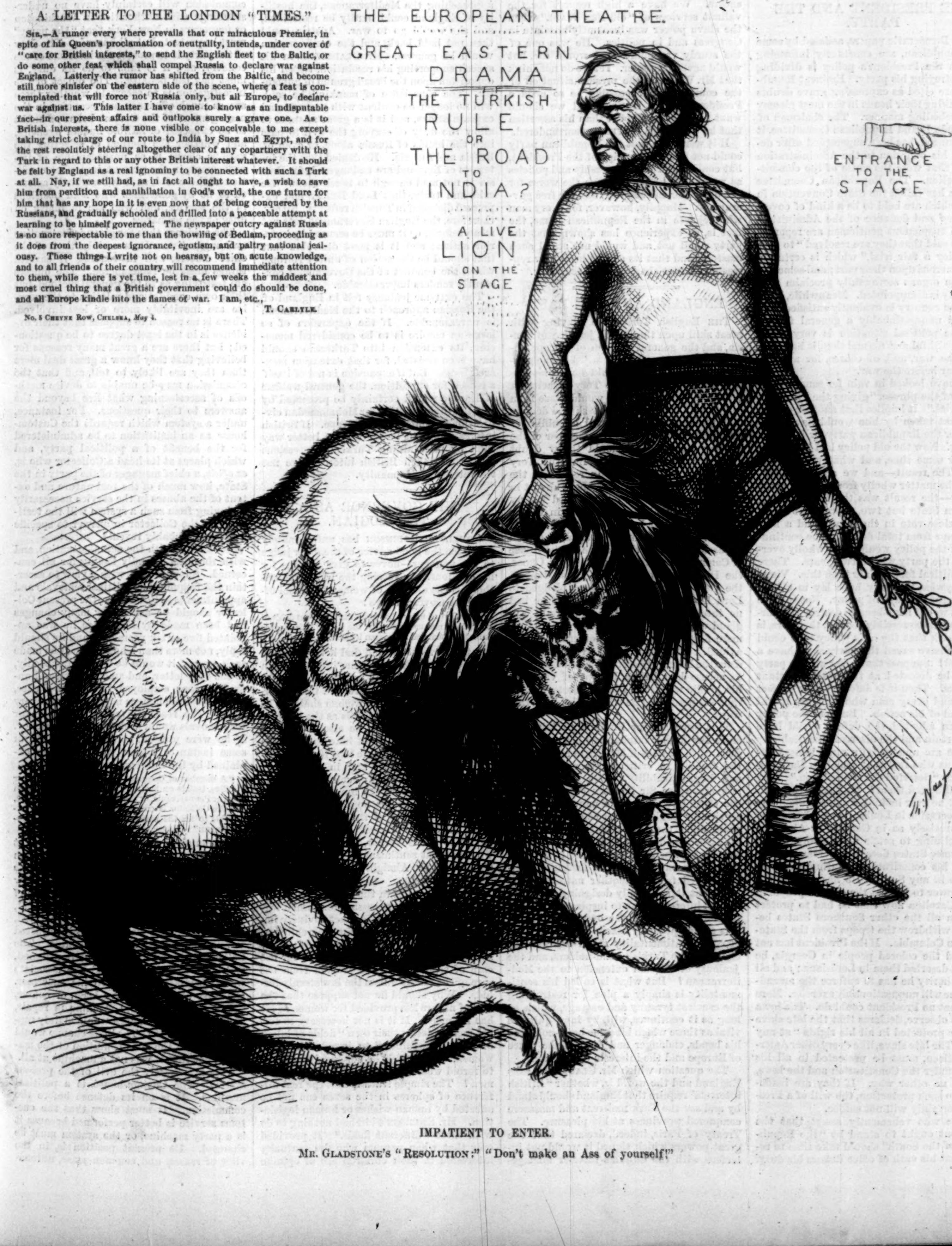
A LETTER TO THE LONDON "TIMES."

SIR,—A rumor every where prevails that our miraculous Premier, in spite of his Queen's proclamation of neutrality, intends, under cover of "care for British interests," to send the English fleet to the Baltic, or do some other feat which shall compel Russia to declare war against England. Latterly the rumor has shifted from the Baltic, and become still more sinister on the eastern side of the scene, where a feat is contemplated that will force not Russia only, but all Europe, to declare war against us. This latter I have come to know as an indisputable fact—in our present affairs and outlooks surely a grave one. As to British interests, there is none visible or conceivable to me except taking strict charge of our route to India by Suez and Egypt, and for the rest resolutely steering altogether clear of any copartnery with the Turk in regard to this or any other British interest whatever. It should be felt by England as a real ignominy to be connected with such a Turk at all. Nay, if we still had, as in fact all ought to have, a wish to save him from perdition and annihilation in God's world, the one future for him that has any hope in it is even now that of being conquered by the Russians, and gradually schooled and drilled into a peaceable attempt at learning to be himself governed. The newspaper outcry against Russia is no more respectable to me than the howling of Bedlam, proceeding as it does from the deepest ignorance, egotism, and paltry national jealousy. These things I write not on hearsay, but on acute knowledge, and to all friends of their country will recommend immediate attention to them, while there is yet time, lest in a few weeks the maddest and most cruel thing that a British government could do should be done, and all Europe kindle into the flames of war. I am, etc.,

T. CARLYLE.

No. 5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, *May* 4.



IMPATIENT TO ENTER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "RESOLUTION:" "Don't make an Ass of yourself!"

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a spirited double-page engraving of* "THE SULTAN REVIEWING HIS TROOPS," *and a picture of one of the Russian circular ironclads.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

THE Democratic papers, assisted by some Republican, are constantly informing us that the President's policy is dividing and destroying his party. Eminent Republicans are cited as expressing grave doubts and shaking their heads in the most gloomy and foreboding manner. The chairman of the Rhode Island Republican Committee, it is announced, has been superseded after declaring his adhesion to the Administration—as if that were the cause of the committee's action. The Republican Committee of Iowa has called the State Convention in terms which are held to be a kind of covert challenge and defiance of the Administration. Conspicuous gentlemen are reported to have said that they are resolved "to give the policy a fair trial," which is certainly very generous upon their part; and some Republican organs sorrowfully proclaim that the party is disappointed. Meanwhile, however, the country is evidently satisfied, and there is unquestionably a general feeling that the political situation is very much more healthful and normal than it has been since the war, and, of course, for many a long year before the war.

We have looked in vain for some explanation of the phrase, "giving the President a fair trial." It implies that another course than that taken by him would have been wiser for the Republican party, or it means nothing. Now the old policy had had a fair trial for some time, and what was the result? The result—and we are now looking at the matter wholly from a party point of view—the result was the loss of every Southern State but two, a practical tie or a very close vote in those two, and a narrow escape from total defeat. The continuation of the policy would have wholly overthrown the party within two years. There is no political fact plainer than this. Viewed partywise, the only hope lay in a bold and vigorous change of policy. Not to have made it would have been to destroy the party. How inexpressibly foolish, therefore, is the remark that the only policy that could possibly have saved the party shall have a fair trial! Suppose that, after all, the party should be defeated at the next important elections. Then it is defeated with perfect honor, and every man who supports it will be proud of his action. But had the policy not been adopted, the defeat would have been certain and the discredit inevitable.

There are undoubtedly some honest Republicans who feel that somehow the President has "deserted the colored men." How has he deserted them? He has all the powers that he ever had. He can act upon any proper occasion in Louisiana and South Carolina precisely as in Georgia or Alabama. His declining to settle a difference in the two former States does not increase nor diminish his constitutional authority to intervene in any State. He has exactly the same power to protect the colored people in South Carolina now that he had to protect them in all the other Southern States before he withdrew the troops from the State-house in Columbia. If the President has not deserted the colored people in Georgia, he has not deserted them in Louisiana; and all the authority he has to enforce the amendments he will unquestionably exercise. More than that no President could do. The Iowa call, we observe, declares that the late slave must be protected in all his rights "at any cost." The late slave, like every other American citizen, must be protected in all his rights under the Constitution and the laws, and in no other way. If they are inadequate to such protection, the will of a President certainly will not suffice.

Those who vehemently assert that the President ought to stand by "the Republicans of the South" should take time to reflect that his oath of office defines his duty. It requires him to defend the Constitution. Do they seriously believe it to be the duty of the President to look out for the Republican party instead of promoting the general welfare according to his best judgment? His action, however, is necessarily controlled by the laws, and he does not make the laws. If the Republicans who think him a traitor or a dupe desire a different policy, let them choose Representatives who will pass laws in accord with their views, and the President must execute them. But within the limits of his office he is as free as Congress. If the conduct of the Administration thus far should be submitted to the vote of the Republican party, we have no doubt whatever that it would be most heartily sustained. On the other hand, had the President pursued the course which his Republican opponents approve, the party opposition would have been infinitely more pronounced and threatening, and the country would have been in perilous confusion. Courage does not consist in putting up your back, but in clinging to a sound principle in the face of threats and sneers. We have a high respect for the valiant services of "old BEN WADE" when the slave power was insolently absolute in Congress and in politics. He was one of the sturdy van-guard that would die, but would never surrender. Yet we do not think that Mr. WADE, in the present situation of the country, could possibly be so good a President as Mr. HAYES; and we should want no other proof of it than his assertion that he thinks Mr. HAYES has surrendered.

If it were true that the Republican party could not stand the policy of the President, but could stand such leadership and policies as we have all seen, so much the worse for the party, for the country, and for free government. Happily, however, for every man who rejoices in the Republican name, the fact is, as experience has shown, that the party could not and would not stand such mastery, and that its official head now represents its best character and tendency.

ENGLAND AND THE EAST.

THE English Tories are playing with great skill upon the British jealousy of Russia, and the general opinion of Europe undoubtedly is that the war will become general. If this result should be avoided, it will not be due either to Tory sagacity or courtesy. How England would blaze from end to end if GORTCHAKOFF should declare that the Queen had violated a public engagement, or, still more, if a member of the Russian Government should throw doubt upon her personal word! But the Tory ministers have done this in regard to the Russian Emperor and Government almost in one day. On the 1st of May Lord DERBY writes to the British embassador in Russia that the Emperor had departed from a rule to which he had himself solemnly recorded his assent; and in the debate in the House of Commons, on the 7th of May, Mr. CROSS, the Home Secretary, actually said that if the Czar would keep his word, pledged to Lord LOFTUS, the embassador, that he had no intention to take Constantinople, England would not be involved in the war. A more flagrant insult can not easily be imagined. The Czar might truly say that since the Foreign Secretary does not hesitate to accuse him before Europe of violating his public word, the Home Secretary naturally supposes that he will break his private word.

It is fortunate for England that in this crisis her higher intelligence has so powerful a voice as that of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is the fashion to criticise his waywardness and impracticability. But what British minister, since Sir ROBERT PEEL repealed the Corn Laws, has done more substantial service for England? and when now he appears upon the Parliamentary scene, how his associates dwindle! It is not surprising that he represents a minority. It is easier to excite a national British feeling of jealous hatred toward another nation on the plea that it is artfully designing to injure British interests, than to inspire enthusiasm for the protection of the oppressed. How, it is contemptuously asked—how can GLADSTONE'S sentimentality stand against the claims of the Turkish bond-holders, and the jealousy of Russian extension to the Mediterranean? But what is called his sentimentality is simply a plea for restraining the cruelest tyranny and outrage, which, so long as it continues, will, by laws quite as vital as those which bind the bond-holder to his bonds, endanger and disturb the peace of Europe and the interests of England.

The question which Mr. GLADSTONE asks England and the world is, whether "British interests" require that England should stand by and see the Turk maltreat and massacre conquered provinces at his pleasure. The Treaty of Paris, indeed, declared that the great powers which signed it would not interfere with the Sultan's interior management of his dominions. But the protocol of the 31st of March, 1877, amounts practically to such an interference, and virtually annuls that treaty. The Treaty of Paris was a grant of power to the Sultan to do what he pleased in the provinces. Any interference with that discretion is an infraction of the treaty, and the Conference, the protocol, and the war overthrow it completely. The resolutions of Mr. GLADSTONE, as finally offered, were that the Porte, by its treatment of its Christian subjects and its refusal to give guarantees for their better government, had forfeited all claim to the moral and material support of Great Britain. The rejection of this resolution, with the letter of Lord DERBY, will give a great impulse to the war feeling, and do much to fulfill the general expectation that the war will not be localized.

A general conflict would be hastened as much by Russian success in Asia Minor as upon the Danube and beyond. "British interests" in this question mean an undisputed Mediterranean passage to India, and the security of Turkish bonds. Should Russia be plainly flanking Constantinople, and still approaching the Mediterranean, the hostility of England could hardly be restrained, and she would go to war. Austria could then not hold back, and the conflagration would be general. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his speech supporting his resolution, rested his opposition upon the broad ground of humanity. The conscience of mankind, he said, will no longer be content with protests and expostulations, and it is a great mistake to allow the duty of staying the evil to pass into the hands of Russia alone, or even of Russia and Austria. He denied that the interests of England are endangered, for Russia is not mad enough to touch them. He said, and truly, that Lord DERBY had expressed disbelief in Turkish reforms. Either, therefore, the English Government does not mean reform, or it must be secured by exterior action; and it is most desirable that that should be the action of united Europe, which the conduct of the Government constantly renders impracticable.

The extreme jealousy felt in England of the Russian approach to the Mediterranean is unreasonable. If the expansion of so large an empire is to be considered menacing, its extension into Turkestan should have been resisted, for that extension menaced India. But if expansion is not of itself a reason for opposition, the general welfare of Europe would certainly be promoted by substituting Christian for Mohammedan civilization in Southeastern Europe. If British interests can not be served in a better way than by maintaining Turkish oppressions and crimes, then British interests are not the interests of humanity.

THE GOVERNOR AS A THEOLOGIAN.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has unfortunately forgotten the good advice of the older judge to the younger—never to give reasons for his opinions. In vetoing the bill which authorizes the election of women to school offices, the Governor says:

> "The God of nature has appointed different fields of labor, duty, and usefulness for the sexes. His decrees can not be changed by human legislation."

But the Governor would find it very hard to prove that the God of nature intends that a person shall not do any beneficent work for which He gives the desire and the power. If it be His decree that a woman shall not be such an officer of the schools as the bill proposes, it must *a fortiori* be also His decree that a woman should not take such charge of work-houses as the late Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR did in England; and in authorizing women to hold precisely such offices as the vetoed bill includes, the human legislation of many of the States, approved by the intelligent sentiment of the country, contravenes the Divine decrees. With perfect deference to the Governor, it may be doubted whether that sentiment is not quite as familiar with the Almighty decrees as our excellent Executive.

The implication in the suggestion of the Governor that it is necessary for human legislation to enforce the instinct divinely implanted in women to care for their children, is very amusing. The Governor apparently supposes that a consuming passion for the care of schools will tear women from the care of the cradle unless the law sternly forbids. Why should he not suppose that the God of nature has provided for women as He has for men? If it is not necessary to forbid men to desert their own "fields of labor, duty, and usefulness" to invade those of women, why must it be supposed necessary to forbid women to encroach upon those of men? The simple truth is that the real difference of spheres in the sexes can not be affected by human wishes or human legislation. Mr. EMERSON'S bill had nothing to do with those "different fields." It provided only that when parents who are mutually interested in their children are of opinion that women can have a useful associate charge with men of the schools in which boys and girls equally are taught, the association shall not be unlawful. The Governor says—but he wisely does not undertake to prove—that the God of nature would disapprove so natural and obviously just a provision.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE INVESTIGATION.

THERE is a general feeling that the evils of the present system of the public civil service can be studied in the New York Custom-house more profitably than any where else in the country. The commission which is now prosecuting an inquiry into the general method of administration in that institution is not likely to conceal or pervert any thing for a merely partisan purpose. Mr. JAY, the chairman, is a sincere advocate of a rational change of system, and Mr. TURNURE is a Democrat who is not likely to conceal or distort any thing for the benefit of the Republicans. The commission will certainly have no understandings with authorities in Washington or managers in New York that "the party" must be protected at all hazards. The duty of the party is to protect the interests of the country, and if it fails to do its duty, it must pay the penalty. The object of the investigation is to ascertain whether there are as much efficiency and economy in the management of the Custom-house as ought to be expected of fallible human agencies, and whether the method of selecting the various clerks is as unsusceptible of improvement, in the present imperfect condition of the world, as it is constantly asserted to be by gentlemen who hold positions in the service, and who are regularly on duty at the primaries.

The evidence thus far given is instructive and suggestive. It is mainly that of the chief officers, and in reading it several things must be remembered. The officers are testifying as to the general method, but their own conduct and relation to the service are inevitably more or less involved. There is no reason to suppose that their evidence is in the least degree to be questioned; but there are a great many reasons for believing that they know a great deal more than they are likely to tell, and that the commission may be unable to devise methods of ascertaining what lies beyond the answers to their questions. For instance, under a system which regards the Custom-house as an institution to be administered for the benefit of a political party, and which places at its head a Collector who is, *ex officio*, a chief manager of the party in the State, how much of the real nature and extent of the abuses in the service necessarily springing from such a system will the testimony of the Collector in answer to specific questions probably reveal?

Let us deal with the actual situation, and with the most friendly feeling for all concerned. Suppose that, with a view to ascertain the frequency of political removals and appointments in the service, the present Collector should be asked how many changes had been made by him since he was appointed five or six years ago, and he should reply, not more than a hundred. If he made such a reply, it would be true, undoubtedly, to the very letter, and among thirteen hundred persons employed in various duties, the number of changes might not seem very large. The reason given by the Collector for removals would probably be inefficiency. If he were pressed, he might say that in some instances action was taken as explained by the Surveyor:

> "A member of Congress, or even a person higher in office, insists on having his friend appointed from Iowa or Pennsylvania, or the western part of the State, and the Collector is compelled to comply. It is impossible to tell the man's qualification before his appointment."

Still a hundred removals in six years might not seem extraordinary, and the commission might suppose that it was an error that the Custom-house is a political machine. Now what, in fact, would be the real situation? It would be this, that in the autumn of 1871, when the present Collector was appointed, the Custom-house was thoroughly adjusted as an Administration party machine. The Collector who was the head of it resigned, and his next political friend and associate was immediately appointed his successor. His duty and desire have been, of course, simply to keep the old machine in repair, and the hundred changes would mainly represent that process. The little change would merely prove the good condition of the machine, not that it was not a machine at all.

This is precisely the evil of the present system. The Custom-house is a political machine. It is on its defense before the commission. It must show that the customs service is better performed because it is a party machine, or the system must be changed. Its present position is, in the view of reason and common-sense, untenable. The Surveyor testifies that appointments must be made to satisfy politicians. Of course they are made for the service of those politicians, not for the welfare of commerce or the Treasury. Another witness says that in one branch of the service a hundred men might be spared. Another testifies that, with better pay and longer hours, his division could spare twenty per cent. of the clerks. They all acknowledge political pressure, and do not see how it can be avoided; and one states that political "contributions" have been "demanded," the last one averaging about two per cent. of the salaries. Now all this politics, which is as foreign to the business of collecting customs as it is to that of selling shawls at Stewart's, must be shown by the Custom-house to tend to secure the efficiency and economy of the foreign revenue service, or politics, being an entire impertinence in the business, and productive of enormous mischief beyond the Custom-house, must be banished.

The object of reform in the system is not to introduce the millennium. Under any system of collecting revenue, as in every business in which men engage, the faults incident to human nature will appear. The commission undoubtedly understand that if they propose any essential change, they will be charged with a foolish and visionary and sentimental attempt to make men honest by rule, and to aim at impossible perfection. They will, however, undoubtedly find that there are abuses in the service, and that the system of treating the Custom-house as a party machine instead of a business agency is the greatest abuse of all. If they find that clerks are appointed merely because politicians wish to provide for henchmen, and that there are many more clerks than are necessary, and that the work is inadequately done from the want of special qualification where special qualification is required, they will see that such things are unavoidable under a system which makes the Custom-house and all its offices, except such as are necessary to the decent continuity of the service, a mass of plunder for a successful party. Reform necessitates a change of system, and change of system is impossible except with officers who believe in it.

THE HOUSEHOLD THACKERAY.

The Harpers have published a "Household Edition" of Thackeray, which includes all his works, not forgetting the delightful ballads and other verse, and which, in a legible and convenient form, and with the inimitable original illustrations, supplies a complete Thackeray at a most reasonable price. To turn the pages is to renew a great pleasure, and to linger and linger over fresh charms. The spell of the sincerity, the simplicity, the sagacity, the earnestness, the manliness, the gay and tender humor of Thackeray, is perennial; and nothing is more striking in all these eleven well-filled volumes than the uniformity of excellence. In France, where the art of cooking is more successfully practiced than elsewhere, the master cook proves his mastery by his ability to serve the most toothsome and appetizing dishes from the slightest material. A French *chef* would prepare a noble banquet from the mere waste of an ordinary cook. In a loftier way the painter of genius, with his palette-knife and a little pigment, produces the most powerful and the most delicate pictorial effects. A touch, a smear, and, lo! a living landscape, sylvan recesses and airy distances—a pastoral poem.

In his slightest sketches Thackeray has this skill. There is no waste, no flagging. In the little squibs from *Punch*, such as "Palmer's Legs," there is the same easy, innocent, playful humor as in the more famous parts of the great novels. There are papers upon dinners in Paris, the material of which is trivial, but the treatment is such that they are truly amusing, and without the least effort. Thackeray is so essentially a humorist, in the older sense, that he is sometimes misinterpreted to a degree which is in itself very humorous by those who have no sense of humor. It was formerly, much more than now, a kind of fashion with a class of dry minds to describe him as a cynic. But Goldsmith, and Steele himself, have not a more sensitive sympathy with human faults and foibles than he. Nothing pained him more sincerely than the perception that some kind soul really thought him sardonic. It was something with which he could not readily deal. The comic aspect of it was very evident to him, but the genuine simplicity of his nature made it a wound. In fact, there is no author of his time who had more of what Charles Lamb called the sanity of true genius.

Thackeray's favorite among his larger stories was *Henry Esmond*, and as a feat of literary skill, a reproduction of the literary style and mental view of another time, there is nothing better in English literature. It is a piece of Queen Anne's work as good as the original—except that it is modern. Thackeray's fondness for the Anne men and the life and spirit of that time was a passion. Some of the "Don Pacifico" papers are the freshest and most delightful renewals of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* essays, with a touch of conscious humor in the reproduction that makes them only the more attractive. The directness and simplicity of intention and the lucidity of style in the older writers are perfectly coincident with Thackeray's own genius; and he is never more amusing than when, as in the "Prize Novelists," he pounces upon the solemn and sentimental affectations of style in Bulwer and Disraeli. His humorous onslaughts of this kind were instinctive. For among all the conspicuous authors of his time in England, Thackeray and Carlyle were the most earnest. They had each a hearty and natural impatience of "shams." No doubt Thackeray humorously exaggerated it, but it was none the less real; and the moralist of the True with a great T, the Beautiful with a great B, and the Good with a great G, together with the laureate of "the Asian Mystery," were irresistible to a quick scent for pretense, literary affectation, and charlatanry.

Indeed, he misses the secret of Thackeray altogether who does not feel his deep and sad earnestness. A humorist is not a jester. He is not a clown with jingling cap and bells to make us laugh, as if laughing were an end in life. The smile which the humorist lights in the eye, ends in a tear. Nobody has shown the intimate relation of humor and charity, or human sympathy, more plainly and pleasantly than Thackeray himself in the lectures upon the English humorists, and the lecture with which he supplemented that course at the request of some ladies in New York. He said—and he said truly—that he was a preacher; a lay preacher, indeed, but none the less a moralist. He was, by common consent, the most consummate literary artist among the novelists of his time, but he had also a constant moral purpose—a fact which is distressing to those who insist that moral purpose is the ruin of art. Indeed, Thackeray himself confesses that he is all the time preaching, and he claims for the humorists that their week-day sermons have made the world better.

Certainly no parent who has read him with an understanding heart can be sorry to see a book of Thackeray's in the hands of his children. They will be entertained, undoubtedly; they will smile and laugh and weep at the amusing pictures, the gay turns, the kindly, sympathetic touches. But they will never hear honesty, simplicity, industry, fidelity, laughed at. They will never find any sophism to shield rascality. They will never discover themselves admiring what is not admirable. But pretense, affectation, snobbery, falsehood, meanness, cowardice, baseness of every kind, will be searched through and through with ridicule, indignation, and contempt. These delightful volumes are well called a Household Edition, for they are full of manly and healthy admiration of manly and healthy things. The farther they are spread, and the more they are read, the more gentle, kindly, patient, and charitable will the world be. What Thackeray said of Goldsmith, those who knew Thackeray may truly say of him:

> "His humor delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."

"INFLUENCE" AND ITS RESPONSIBILITY.

The accident in the New York Post-office by which several lives were lost has led to an investigation by experts, the conclusion of which is not only very damaging to Mr. Mullett, the late government architect, but throws doubt upon the security of all public buildings that he erected. There were two investigating bodies—one appointed by Postmaster James, and the other was the coroner's jury. Upon both there were well-known architects and builders. The Post-office commission report that the disaster was due to causes which imply the most culpable carelessness; and the coroner's jury distinctly charge that the primary cause of the accident is the incompetency of Mr. Mullett. It is now stated, also, that the new jail in Washington, built under his superintendence, is dangerously defective. Of course Mr. Mullett is not to be condemned unheard. Yet charges so serious would not have been made against him by fellow-craftsmen without entire conviction upon their part, and he is in very serious danger of total loss of professional reputation unless he can promptly refute their uncompromising verdict.

If the grave decisions of the jury shall be sustained, it is desirable to know to what influence Mr. Mullett owed his appointment. The recent appointment and removal of George H. Butler have led to the publication of the correspondence which shows at whose instance he was appointed. Mr. S. S. Cox and Mr. Milton Sayler, two Democrats who were very zealous for reform during the last campaign, and Senator Dorsey, a Republican who has plainly a high sense of his prerogative, asked for the appointment, and it was made, doubtless, with some view of placating the terrible uncle. The commission has now been revoked, and the uncle writes caustically that he should have done as the Postmaster-General has done, because, of course, he has not removed the nephew without allowing him to be heard. It is, however, the general opinion that he had been already fully heard in Egypt and elsewhere. The Butler transaction shows the wisdom of publishing the letters upon which appointments are made. Let it be understood that when an important appointment is made by request, the requests shall be published. Two things would happen. Requests would enormously diminish, and their value would enormously increase. Men would be very wary of taking the responsibility of advising appointments if they knew it would be a public responsibility. It would now be well to know who urged the appointment of Mr. Mullett.

PERSONAL.

Sir Edward Thornton, with his family, has sailed for England, and will soon go to Spain, with the rank of embassador, in place of Mr. Layard, transferred to Turkey. Sir Edward is succeeded at Washington by the Hon. Mr. Plunkett as *chargé d'affaires*. Mr. Plunkett is a son of the Earl of Fingal, and has served at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Florence, and Jeddo, and in 1870 married a Miss Morgan, of Philadelphia.

—Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime, of the New York *Observer*, has gone to Europe as delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States to the Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, the Reformed Church of France, and Presbyterian bodies in other countries on the Continent.

—H. F. Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, gives readings from his father's works, and, it is said, gives promise of being more effective as a reader than his father.

—The appointment of Mr. R. H. Stoddard to the position of City Librarian appears to give satisfaction to every body. It was suggested, we understand, by some of Mr. Stoddard's literary friends, on the ground of his eminent fitness for the place, and heartily seconded by Comptroller Kelly, Mayor Ely, and District Attorney Whitney. It is a pleasant surprise in city affairs to find the right man put in the right place; and the action of the gentlemen who made this selection will be cordially approved by men of all parties.

—One of the historic paintings recently exhibited in the Old South Church at Boston attracted the attention of a party of spectators the other night. "Whose picture is that?" inquired one. "It says, 'William Pitt the Elder,'" replied his companion, reading the inscription. "Oh yes; a kind of deacon, I suppose, of this church in old Revolution times. Don't know as I ever heard of him before."

—A copy of Beaumont and Fletcher which formerly belonged to Charles Lamb has been bought for the British Museum. It has numerous notes by Lamb, and markings by himself and sister of passages to be extracted for his *Specimens of Early English Dramatic Poets*. Many notes by Coleridge are also in it. One runs: "N.B.—I shall not be long here, Charles. I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic. S. T. C. Octr., 1811."

—Dr. Mark Hopkins preached in two of the Reformed churches in this city on Sunday, the 6th inst., to the edification of the members of those congregations and the delight of many of his old pupils. It is forty-one years since Dr. Hopkins was chosen president of Williams College, from which he has recently retired, yet the old fire of his genius seems unabated, and his sermons have the force and fervor of his early manhood.

—Boston will retain many interesting reminiscences of Mr. Moody's preaching, and, let us hope, much permanent good. Even the dry-goods persuasion has been touched by his eloquent appeals. It is said that a salesman in a leading establishment was showing to a lady what appeared to be English lace. "Are these really English?" asked the lady. "Well," replied the salesman, a little embarrassed, "they were until Mr. Moody came."

—Judge Spofford, the new United States Senator from Louisiana, is a brother of Mr. A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and is probably the most highly educated gentleman who has been elected to the United States Senate from the South since the war.

—Mr. John M'Graw, who died recently at Ithaca, contributed $150,000 to the Central College Building of Cornell University. His daughter, an only child, gave the beautiful chime of bells which welcomes the students to their morning class and other duties.

—English journalists, foreign correspondents, and scribblers generally never tire of writing about Lord Beaconsfield, his ways and doings. The last sketch is from "Notes of a Stranger," in the *Examiner*. It was at the opening of the House of Lords: "The ministerial benches were nearly full; only one place, indeed, seemed vacant. When all were seated, and any new arrival must have the eyes of the House full on him, solemnly, slowly, entered Lord Beaconsfield. He poised himself for a moment as he entered, exactly as he was wont to poise himself at the bar of the other House, when for so many evenings of so many years he made his appearance regularly at twenty minutes past four o'clock, and took breath before moving onward to his place. Some persons said he always stopped just there and then to give the better effect to his solemn march up the floor of the House. Others maintained that lately he only paused in order to recover his elasticity of movement, and to get up a good jaunty, youthful walk for the House—a trot for the town, so to speak. Anyhow, he paused and poised himself a moment in the House of Lords on Monday, just in the old fashion of the Commons. Then he marched steadily up the floor of the House, with eyes bent on the ground, and a seemingly elaborate expression of prim humility, as of one who knows his greatness and is aware that all eyes are on him, but has resolved that no one shall say he has shown any pride in the knowledge. In his hand he carried a dispatch-box, which, when he had taken his place next to Lord Derby, he laid on the table before him with as much ostentation as if it contained diamonds, which he was putting formally under the protection of the House."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

President Hayes, on the 5th inst., issued a proclamation calling for an extra session of Congress on October 15.

The New York State Senate, on the 8th, agreed to the Assembly amendments of the Omnibus Bill. Mr. Strahan's bill, giving a right of redemption within two years in cases where a judgment for deficiency has been taken after a foreclosure sale, passed the Assembly. On the same day the Governor vetoed the bill allowing women to hold office on school boards. Mr. Cowdin's bill to reduce taxation of national bank stock passed the Assembly on the 10th. On the 10th, the Senate investigating committee in the Woodin case unanimously reported that the testimony affirmatively disproves the charges against the Senator, and establishes that they are utterly without foundation.

The entire Crazy Horse band of Indians, numbering 900, surrendered at the Red Cloud Agency on the 6th inst.

The lower coast steamer *Walloon* burst her boiler on the 7th, at Delacroix, nine miles below New Orleans. Eight lives were lost.

An explosion of fire-damp occurred at the Wadesville Shaft colliery, of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, on the 9th, and several men were killed.

Commodore Benjamin J. Totten, of the United States navy, died at New Bedford on the 9th, aged seventy-one years.

The bark *Azow*, bound from Baltimore for Queenstown, was run into by the steamer *Nürnberg*, off Cape Henry, on the 8th inst., and sunk. Four men were lost.

The unfinished court-house at Rockford, Illinois, fell in ruins on the 11th, killing or injuring many of the workmen.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The Czar, addressing the Estates, on the 5th, said: "Six weeks ago I expressed here the hope of a peaceful solution of the Eastern question. I wished to spare to the utmost the precious blood of my subjects; but my efforts have been in vain. My Kischeneff manifesto announced to the empire that the moment I foresaw had arrived. To-day I am happy to be able to thank my people for their patriotism, which has been proved by deeds. Their readiness to undergo sacrifices exceeds our expectations. May God assist us to fulfill our task, and bless our troops who are about to engage in combat for faith, emperor, and father-land!"—A dispatch from Osurgheti, a Turkish town on the Georgian frontier, near Batum, dated the 5th, states that the Turks have evacuated Tschurksa, on the coast north of Batum. The place, however, is defended by seven men-of-war, which cannonaded the advancing Russian column.—On the 8th, the Turks began the bombardment of Kalafat from Widdin, and the Roumanian batteries returned the fire. The barracks and custom-house at Kalafat were destroyed, and the church was injured. Widdin was set on fire.—Prince Charles of Roumania, on the 8th, acknowledging the address presented to him by the Senate in reply to the speech from the throne, recounted the acts of hostility committed by the Turks against Roumanian ports and open towns on the Danube and their peaceful inhabitants and Roumanian vessels, and said: "In consequence of the aggressive attitude of Turkey, the Roumanian government will display not only the foresight, but also the energy, which both chambers of the Legislature have prescribed. I foresee, however, with sorrow," he concluded, "that moderation will be of no avail, and that we must meet force by force, as it is our duty to defend our country."—On the 7th, the Grand Duke Nicholas telegraphed from Kischeneff: "All is well. The movement of the troops proceeds undisturbed. The Turks are entirely passive. The health of the troops is excellent."—On the 8th, two Turkish Monitors, supported by the shore batteries at Ghiacet, opened a murderous fire upon the Russian batteries at Braila, lasting three hours. Several large granaries were destroyed. The shops are said to be closed and the town deserted. A Reuter's dispatch from Erzerum, dated the 9th, says: "The Russians are surrounding Soghanlu (south of Kars), and concentrating for an attack on Mukhtar Pasha's position at Bardess (twenty-six miles southwest of Kars) and Yenikoy (eight miles south of Kars). The Russian force which occupied Bayazid is now advancing in the direction of Chamur (sixty-six miles east of Erzerum) and Antob, leaving Karakalisa and Alashkirt on their right. Bayazid has now been placed under control of a Russian prefect of police."—The Prince of Roumania, on the 10th, issued a decree assuming command of the Roumanian army, and designating his staff and the various chief officers.—The Turkish gun-boats have seized four vessels sailing under the Greek flag in the Danube.—The town of Oltenitza, on the Roumanian side of the Danube, was bombarded by Turkish gun-boats for four hours on the 10th. Three of the inhabitants were killed and eight wounded. It is reported that one of the gun-boats was destroyed by the Roumanian fire.—The Bashi-Bazouks crossed the Danube at Kirnadji. The Roumanian peasants, armed with guns and axes, drove them back, killing two.—The largest Turkish Monitor on the Danube, anchored before Ibrail, was sunk by the Russian batteries on the 11th. Hassan Bey and her crew of 300 men went down with her.

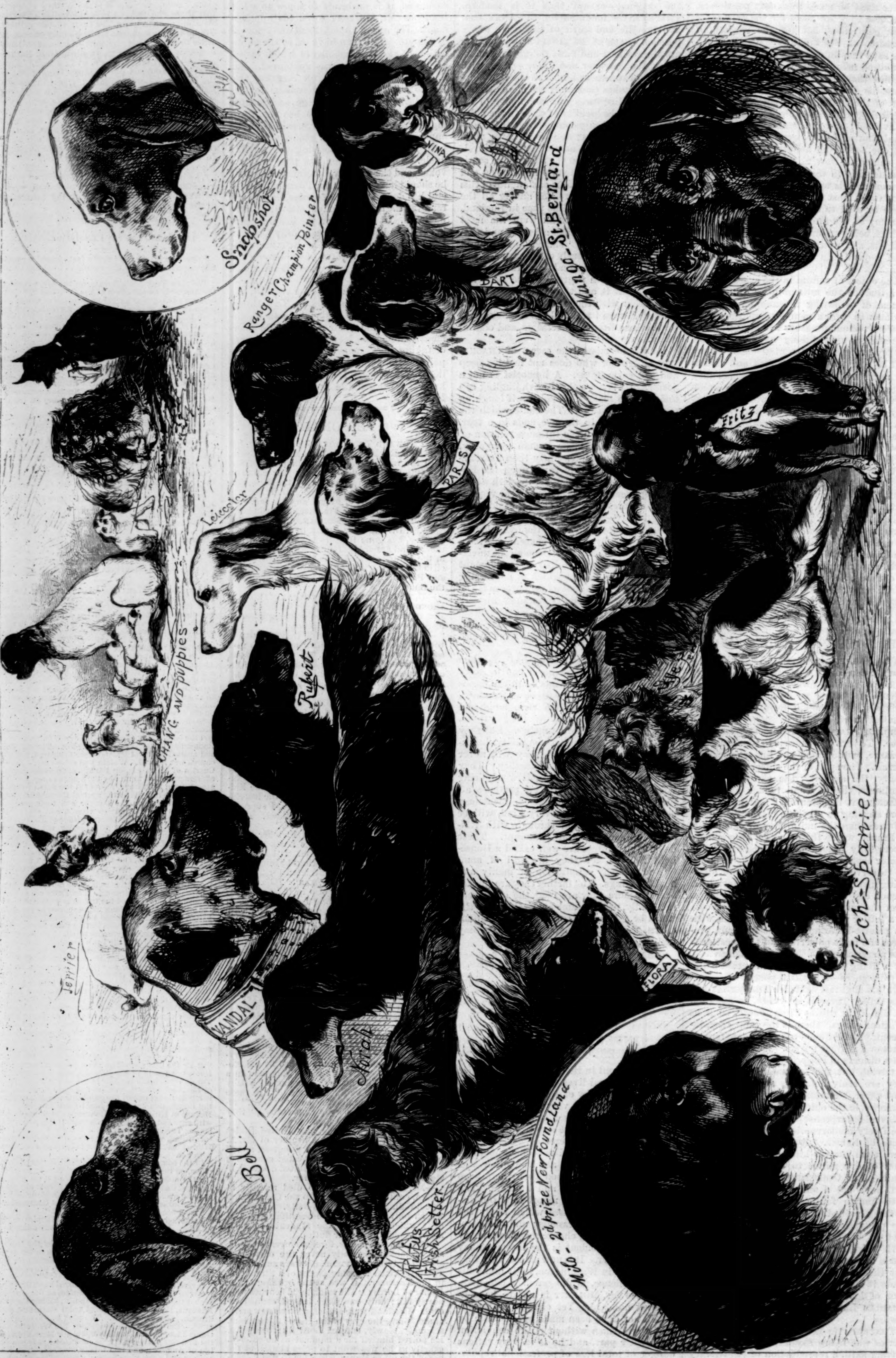
In the course of debate in the British House of Commons, on the 7th, Mr. Cross, Home Secretary, in defining the policy of England, said, "We should protect the Suez Canal, guard Egypt, and not permit any power to interfere with the freedom of the Dardanelles and the Bosporus. Hence we should protect Constantinople from becoming the prize of conquest."

Transvaal was annexed to the British Empire on the 12th ult. President Burgres protested, but counseled peaceable submission.

The Clerical Abuses Bill was rejected by the Italian Senate on the 7th. The vote was 92 yeas to 105 nays.

A royal decree was promulgated at Madrid on the 7th, completely assimilating the Basque provinces to the rest of Spain.

Several marine disasters have occurred recently. The boiler of the British steamer *Sidonian*, of the Anchor Line, exploded at sea on the 29th ult., killing Captain Edwards, the first, second, and third engineers, two firemen, and a coal-passer. The cook was severely injured.—The steam-ship *Dakota*, of the Williams and Guion Line, bound from Liverpool for New York, on the first day out went ashore on Point Lynas, on the isle of Anglesea, and was totally wrecked. The passengers and crew were safely landed.—The schooner *Cod-seeker*, from Halifax for Barrington, capsized off Sable on the 9th. Ten men were drowned.



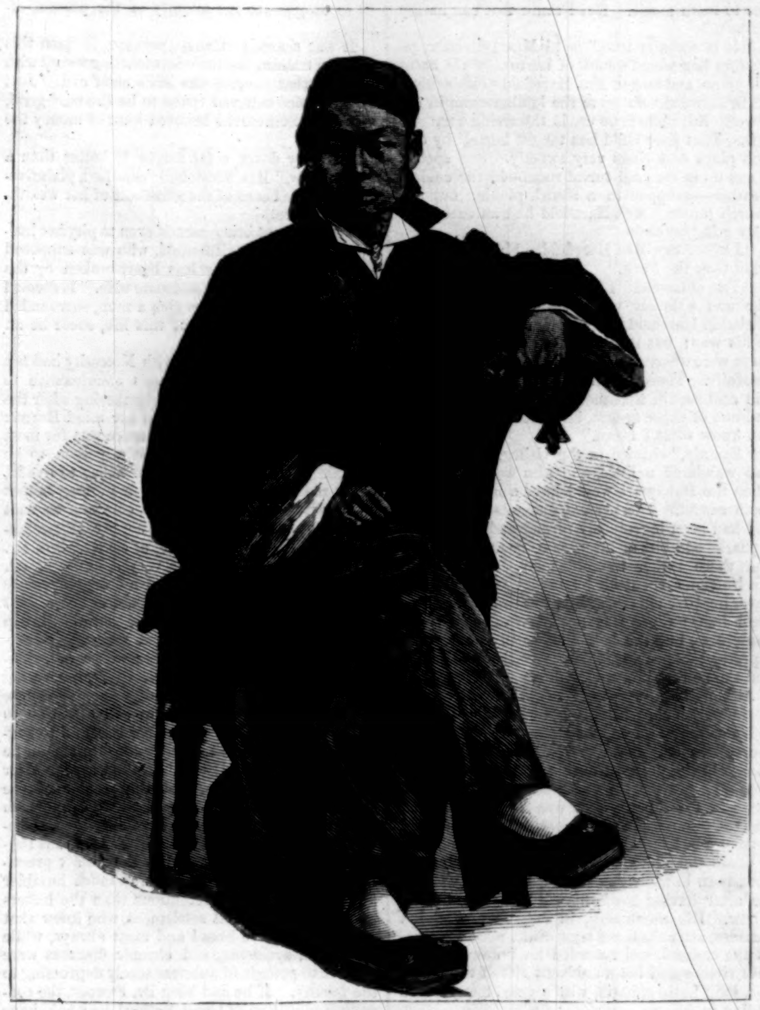
Snapshot
Ranger Champion Pointer
Nina
Dart
Mungo—St. Bernard
Paris
Leicester
Fritz
Chang and puppies
Rupert
Terrier
Vandal
Norah
Flora
Witch—Spaniel
Bell
Rufus Irish Setter
"Milo"—2d prize Newfoundland

THE GREAT BENCH SHOW OF DOGS, NEW YORK HIPPODROME.—[See Page 406.]

WONG CHING FOO.

Great interest was excited in this country some weeks ago by the announcement that a missionary from China had come among us for the purpose of preaching the religion of Buddha. This was partly a mistake. Mr. Wong Ching Foo disclaims the character of a missionary, and says he has come only for the purpose of explaining away certain misapprehensions concerning his country and people which prevail among Americans. He is an intelligent, cultured gentleman, speaks English with ease and vivacity, and has the power of interesting his audiences.

His first lecture in New York was delivered in Steinway Hall before a rather small audience. The greater part of his discourse was devoted to an exposition of the religious system known as Buddhism, and its effects on the character of the Chinese; but he also referred to other matters. In enumerating the wrong impressions the Americans have of the Chinese, he said they thought nothing was raised in China but rice, and that the Chinese lived exclusively on rice and rats and puppies. "Why," said he, "I never knew rats and dogs were good to eat till I learned it from Americans." If Mr. Wong Ching Foo had taken the pains to inquire a little into the real condition of American ideas respecting China and the Chinese, he would have discovered that he has no occasion to be quite so smart and flippant in his criticisms. But some of his points were well made, and deserving of consideration.


WONG CHING FOO.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

THE GREAT BENCH SHOW.

On the opposite page will be found the portraits of some of the most interesting and valuable of the aspirants for honors at the first annual New York Bench Show of Dogs. The show was a great success. It was held in the Hippodrome, which had been fitted up expressly for the purpose. Stalls were erected around the capacious arena for the accommodation of the dogs; but the entries were so much in excess of the calculations that extra stalls were built, at the last moment, inside the arena. There were also two rings into which the several classes of dogs were taken to be judged.

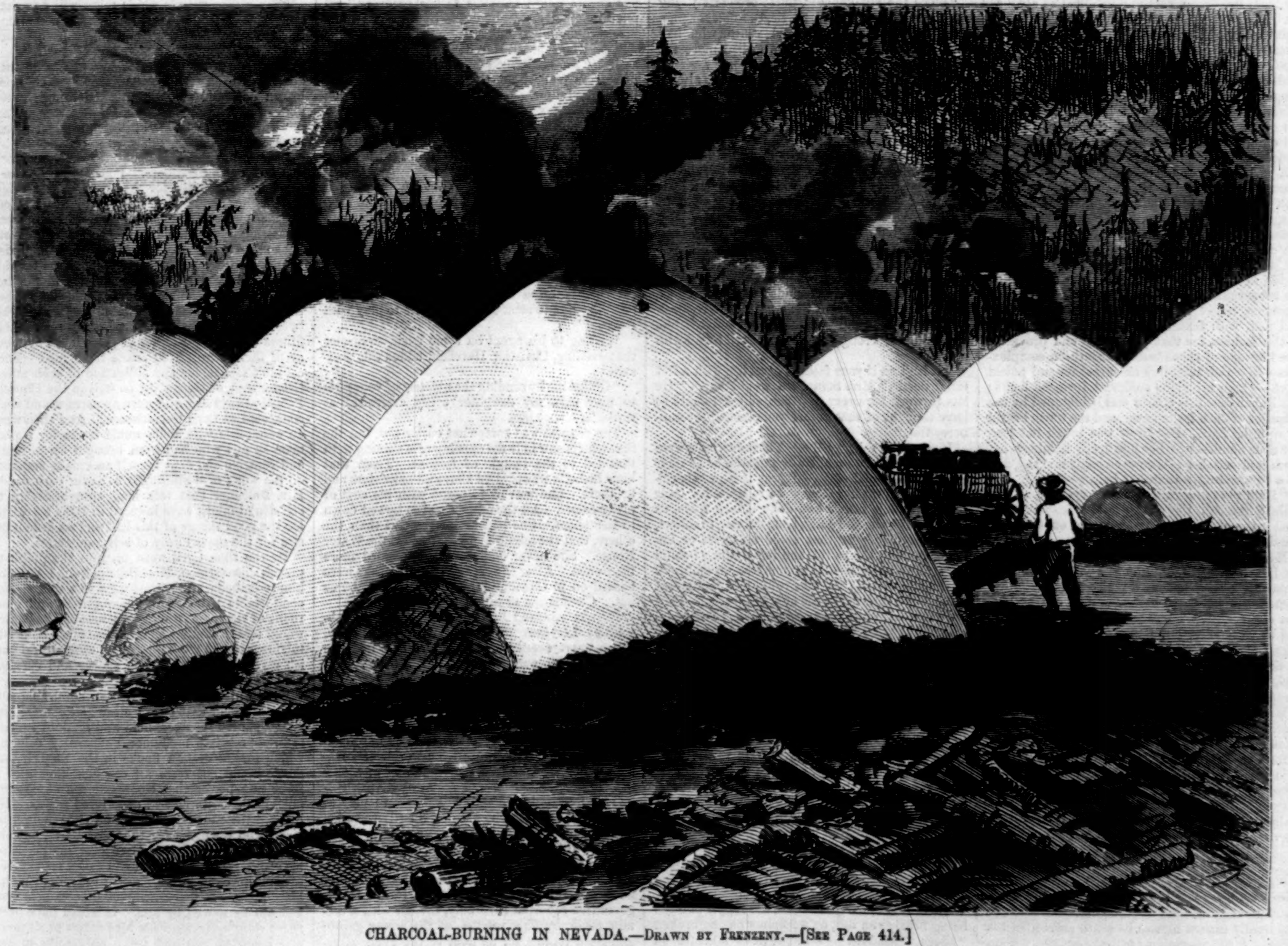
The show opened Tuesday, May 8. As early as ten o'clock Monday the dogs began to arrive. They came by all sorts of conveyances. Some were packed in huge coops marked "with care," others were led by stout iron chains, and still others were carried in baskets or in the arms of their owners. Among those bringing their pets for exhibition were many elegantly dressed ladies. Crowds of men and boys surrounded the entrance. Some of the dogs were disposed to be quarrelsome, especially the big fellows, and many times the crowd scattered with ludicrous haste at the unexpected growl of some ferocious-looking brute. There was danger from some of them, too, for their owners took great care to keep them at a safe distance from the legs of imprudent bystanders. Not a few had great difficulty in holding the powerful animals in. Other dogs were quiet and friendly, but not less annoying to their masters by plunging about and entangling their chains in seemingly inextricable confusion.

The spectacle inside the arena, when every thing was in readiness, was very attractive. There were over eleven hundred entries of all classes, from the huge Siberian blood-hound, the magnificent St. Bernard dog, the Newfoundland and the mastiff, down to the most delicate toy dogs. To the latter were devoted several stands in the centre of the arena, and this was one of the most attractive spots in the show. The little things were rigged up with ribbons, mats, cushions, bells, and lace collars, in the most dainty style. Two large pugs with lace collars were very amusing. Others were the occupants of a number of mahogany-framed glass cases. One of these, a tiny mite of a thing, with long silken hair, bore the ferocious name of "Danger." There were also three beautiful Italian greyhound puppies, five delicate Japanese puppies, and six little white balls nestling under their Blenheim spaniel mother.

The principal attendance was during the evenings, when the building was crowded to its full capacity. There were quite as many ladies as gentlemen present, and they seemed to take quite as much interest in the dogs. The only drawback to the enjoyment of the show was the dreadful howling that filled the building and at times almost prevented conversation. Mr. Bergh's speech on Tuesday evening was inaudible six feet from where he stood. The larger dogs were, as a rule, dignified and quiet; but the petted darlings of the drawing-room expressed their anguish over their imprisonment and loss of home luxuries in tones that must have pierced the very hearts of their fair owners.

From the large number of dogs composing the show our artist could choose a few only, whose names will be found in connection with their portraits on the preceding page. "Bell," upper left-hand corner, took the first prize among "Champion Pointer Bitches" (Class 4); "Chang" is the pretty Japanese bitch, with litter of five puppies, referred to above; "Snapshot," upper right-hand corner, owned by R. J. Lloyd Price, North Wales, received the first prize among "Champion Pointer Dogs" (Class 4); "Mungo," lower right-hand corner, is a splendid specimen of the St. Bernard dog, purchased by Mr. Lester Wallack of the Rev. Mr. Macdona, of England, whose magnificent kennel was ruled out of competition because he consented to act as judge; "Milo," lower left-hand corner, a fine specimen of Newfoundland dog, owned by Mr. Miller Ketchum, Westport, Connecticut, took the second prize in his class; "Vandal," mastiff, owned by Mr. A. A. Brown, England, took the first prize in his class. In the centre of the page is a group of pointers and setters, representing others of the winning dogs. Below these is the portrait of "Fritz," a fine English pug, to whom was awarded a special prize "for his get." He is sire of "Rex," winner of the first prize in this class. Near that of "Fritz" is the portrait of "Witch," owned by Mr. F. H. Hoe, Tarrytown, New York, and winner of the first prize among the Cocker spaniels exhibited.

The show was in every sense a great success, and will probably prove to be the first of a long series of such exhibitions. It was held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, and for a first enterprise of the kind, the management was noticeably free from annoyances and mistakes. It lasted four days, and every one who visited it was delighted and entertained. But if the question of holding another bench show were left to the dogs, it would doubtless be rejected by a large majority.


CHARCOAL-BURNING IN NEVADA.—Drawn by Frenzeny.—[See Page 414.]

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PARISH CHURCH.

THE Sunday evening service at Little Yafford parish church was as fashionable in its own particular way as the Italian Opera in June. Every body met every body else there. The psalms were chanted very fairly, the anthem was always a feature, the prettiest hymns were sung, and the sermon, whether preached by the vicar or curate, seemed to have a peculiar life and fervor in it that harmonized with the more exalted feelings of the flock. The cold realism of Sunday morning gave place on Sunday evening to a vague enthusiasm, a spiritualized ardor. Of course there were people for whom that lofty Liturgy soared too high—uncultured souls which demanded to be fed on coarser diet—but these were outside the pale, and generally wore a style of bonnet which would have been a blot on the subdued beauty of the parish church, with its noble nave, long narrow aisles, carved rood-screen, and wagon-roof. These barbarians worshiped in a queer little chapel in High Street, to which they descended a step or two from the level of the pavement, and in which gas-lit tabernacle they might be heard singing their own particular hymns with the utmost strength of their untrained voices, as the Church of England people went by, the Dissenters assembling half an hour earlier than their conforming brethren, and generally prolonging their service half an hour later.

It was a pretty scene, that parish church of Little Yafford, in the late October evening. The clusters of wax candles in the brazen branches threw just enough light on column and arch to leave the greater part of the building in shadow. The rich coloring about the altar made a glow of splendor at the end of the gray stone chancel. The old oak pews, with their quaintly carved doors, reflected the light redly on the bosses that took every shape, from the graceful fleur-de-lis to the dog-faced demon or blunt-nosed cherub. The font in its distant corner gleamed whitely below a cover of crimson cloth. Crimson cushions in many of the pews, and the dark green and gold adornment of pulpit and reading-desk, the old brass lectern, the new brass candelabra, brightened the sombre stone and dark brown oak, and made up in somewise for the loss of the stained glories of the chancel window, dull and dead at this hour.

The people came in quietly by twos and threes, and took their places with the usual hushed and solemn air; then the throng thickened, and the pews began to fill; and then the bells rang more slowly, and there came a plaintive strain of melody from the organ, soft and subdued as a whisper. This swelled presently into a voluntary, faintly suggestive of Handel, and became a triumphant burst when the vestry door opened and the surpliced choir entered the chancel, two and two, the small boys first and the rather clumsy-looking men bringing up the rear. After these followed Cyril Culverhouse, looking tall in his white raiment and crimson hood, and lastly the vicar, a broad and dignified figure that seemed to have been intended for lawn sleeves and a bishop's gown.

A girl in one of the pews directly facing the chancel looked up from her open book as Cyril took his place in the reading-desk, and then looked quickly down again as if the sight were too terrible. That swift, shy look and sudden fall of the eyelids told a secret old as Time himself. Mr. Culverhouse was something more than the curate of Little Yafford to that one member of his congregation. She was a girl of striking appearance, richly but carelessly dressed in velvet and silk, with feathers in her bonnet, according to the fashion for that year made and provided. She had one of those brilliant southern complexions—that rich mingling of carnation and palest olive—which are alone sufficient for good looks; but in her case this charm was heightened by the splendor of dark Italian eyes, and the warm brown of rippling hair. Her brow was broad but low, her nose nondescript, her lips firmly moulded, her teeth faultless, her eyebrows strongly marked, and of a darker brown than her hair.

"I am always afraid of Trix's eyebrows," Isabella Scratchell, the young lady's bosom-friend, used to say. "They remind me of thundery weather."

Miss Scratchell was sitting next her friend in the Harefield pew to-night. She was a small, slim person, distinguished by a pink-and-white prettiness and insignificant blunt features of the Dresden china type. There was a Scratchell pew in one of the aisles, but Beatrix liked to have her friend with her, and the Water House pew was in the more aristocratic and fashionable situation, advantages peculiarly agreeable to Isabella Scratchell.

Mr. Harefield assisted at the Sunday morning service half a dozen times or so in a quarter, just often enough to escape the stigma of absolute indifference or infidelity. His handsome Italian wife had been a Roman Catholic, and there was a feeling among the more bigoted section of society in Little Yafford that Mr. Harefield was generally lax in his ideas, like the Romans when they began to import foreign gods, and would not have minded worshiping Isis or Osiris if those deities had come in his way.

"He has travelled so much, you know, my dear," said Mrs. Piper, of the Park, to Mrs. Dulcimer, "and having married a foreigner, you see, one can hardly expect him to be quite correct in his ideas. A sad education for that poor girl. I am told he has taught her Greek, and hasn't allowed her to learn music. But I think that can hardly be true."

"It is actually true," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, reflecting her friend's look of horror. "He hates the piano, and he had Mrs. Harefield's old-fashioned Broadwood sent up to the lumber-room in the tower. But there is no use in thwarting a natural gift. That poor child has taught herself by ear, and plays and sings very sweetly. She spends hours up in that old turret room—in the coldest weather—wrapped in a shawl, picking out our church music. Mrs. Harefield had an extraordinary gift, you know."

"I never saw Mrs. Harefield. She died before John took the Park."

"Yes, of course. I ought to have remembered. She was a lovely woman, and I believe that Christian Harefield was passionately fond of her, in his way; but it was not a happy marriage—there were quarrels. I did my best—but not successfully. There is an unconquerable severity and coldness in that man's nature, and his wife had one of those ardent, impetuous dispositions; you know what I mean."

"Exactly," chimed in the visitor, whose mind had wandered a little, and who was wondering when the Dulcimers would have a new drawing-room carpet. The present one was threadbare, and had been ingeniously turned and pieced like a puzzle, odd bits of brighter color fitting in here and there rather too obviously. That foolish Mr. Dulcimer spent all his money on books, and never improved his furniture, while in Mrs. Piper's ideal house there was no litter of books and pamphlets, but the last fashion in carpets and tapestry table-covers, cabriole chairs and sofas, and the newest kinds of antimacassars.

Although Mr. Harefield was not often to be seen in the parish church himself, he had no objection to his daughter's frequent attendance there; and the church and the Vicarage afforded the only variety in the dullest life that a well-born heiress ever led. The music was a delight to her sensitive ear, for the organist was a fine musician, and the organ was a noble instrument, which had been presented to Little Yafford, in the reign of William the Third, by a city merchant who had been born in the village, and came back there to die after having made his fortune in hides and tallow. His monument, in colored and gilded marbles, after the florid style of the period, adorned the chancel, and recorded his public and private virtues and his munificent gift of the organ in a long Latin epitaph, with a great many words ending in *issimus*.

The Scratchells had a comfortable old house in the village, but Miss Harefield was not allowed to visit there, although Isabella was her only friend and companion. Isabella might come to the Water House as often as she liked, but it was an understood thing that Beatrix was not to go to Mr. Scratchell's, a distinction which Mrs. Scratchell and Isabella's brothers and sisters resented as invidious.

"We are not good enough for the heiress," said Clementina Scratchell, sarcastically.

"She's the stuckuppest, purse-proudest young woman I ever saw," said Bertie, the eldest son, a sandy-complexioned, pug-nosed youth, who had been christened Herbert, but who had more the air of a Samuel or a Thomas.

Such remarks as these, if overheard, always brought down the paternal wrath upon the utterer. Even Mrs. Scratchell would remark mildly that poor people must not quarrel with their bread and butter, and that Mr. Harefield was a very good client to father, and that it was very kind of Miss Harefield to be so fond of Bella, although she did look down upon the others, which might be a little wounding to one's feelings, but poor people must not be proud.

This fact of their poverty had always been kept before the eyes of the young Scratchells. It encountered them at every turn. If the boys tore the knees of their trousers in forbidden climbing of trees, they were reminded mournfully by a desponding mother that their parents were hard-working people, and that these destructive habits were a direct wrong to those toil-worn bread-winners.

"It isn't as if your father began life with a fortune, Bertie," Mrs. Scratchell would say. "He has to work for every sixpence, and you ought to have thought of that before you climbed the mulberry-tree."

It was in all things alike. The Scratchells were never permitted to make any mistake as to their place in the social scale. It was to be a subordinate place always. They were to work for their bread, as their father had done before them, as their mother worked daily, from sunrise to sunset, in homely drudgery that made no effect or impression upon the world, and left nothing behind when life was done—not so much as an embroidered chair cover, or a thin volume of indifferent verses to be admired by the next generation. They were to work, these young Scratchells. Their education was not given to them for its own sake—on the sweetness and light principle—but as a preparation for a laborious career. Herbert was to be apprenticed to Mr. Pontorson, the surveyor at Great Yafford. Adolphus—poor Mrs. Scratchell had insisted upon giving her children the cheap luxury of fine names—was promised a clerkship in Mr. Piper's factory. Isabella was already earning a salary as morning governess to the little Pipers at Yafford Park. It was not an onerous engagement, and left her afternoons free. Mr. Scratchell thought she ought to get another engagement to fill up her afternoons, but as yet Isabella had contrived to avoid this double labor. She was her father's favorite, and was believed to have great influence over him. It was she who was always charged with the task of imparting any disagreeable intelligence to him, such as the kitchen boiler having cracked, the supply of coals being nearly run out, or Adolphus having broken "another window." The previous fracture on this wretched youth's part was always so recent as to exaggerate the iniquity of the present offense.

It was scarcely strange, perhaps, if from this Spartan training the little Scratchells grew up with the idea that poverty was life's chief evil. Just as the Stoics believed virtue to be the only good, the young Scratchells believed want of money the only ill.

"Ah, my dears, a fat sorrow is better than a lean sorrow," Mrs. Scratchell remarked, plaintively, when she heard of the afflictions of her wealthier neighbors.

She could not bring herself even to pity her husband's patron, Mr. Harefield, who was supposed to have been more or less heart-broken by the untimely death of his handsome wife. It seemed to her impossible that so rich a man, surrounded with all the good things of this life, could be an object for compassion.

This close acquaintance with Necessity had not endeared that stern goddess's countenance to Isabella. She had an innate hankering after the good things of this life, and to her mind Beatrix Harefield—whose solitary existence was for most people a subject of pity—was a person to be envied. Had she not a fine old house to live in, every room in which was like a picture, horses and carriages at her disposal, servants to wait upon her, and an unlimited supply of pocket-money? It was a dull life, of course, but Mr. Harefield would die before very long, no doubt, and take his gloominess to a more appropriate habitation, and then Beatrix would be the richest woman in the neighborhood, free to drain the cup of pleasure to the lees.

Ten years ago, when Beatrix was a tall, thin-legged child in a short black frock, recovering slowly from a severe attack of whooping-cough, the family doctor ventured to call attention to the exceeding solitariness of her life, and to suggest that some juvenile companionship should be procured for her. It was less than a year after Mrs. Harefield's death, and the master of the Water House wore an air of settled gloom which made him, in the minds of his fellow-men, somewhat unapproachable. The doctor made his suggestion timidly. He was only the family practitioner of Little Yafford, and was much humbler in his manners and pretentions than the bakers and butchers of that settlement, who knew that people must have bread and meat always, while epidemics, accidents, and chronic diseases were subject to periods of dullness sorely depressing to the faculty. If he had been Dr. Fawcus, the consulting physician of Great Yafford, he would have ordered playfellows for Miss Harefield with as off-hand an air as he ordered boiled chicken and barley-water. But Mr. Namby made the suggestion tentatively, quite prepared to withdraw it if it were ill received.

"The child seems dull, certainly," said Mr. Harefield. "She doesn't run, or skip, or scream, like the general run of children. I have thought it an advantage; but I suppose, as you say, it is a sign of feebleness of constitution."

"I think that any thing which would enliven her spirits might conduce to her recovery," replied the doctor. "She doesn't gain strength as fast as I should wish."

"Really," said Mr. Harefield, with a far-off look, as if he were talking of somebody at the antipodes. "Well, if you think it wise, we must get her a playfellow. I have received no one, as you know, since my wife's death. In my best days I always considered society more or less a bore, and I couldn't endure to have people about me now. But we must get a playfellow for the child. Have you a girl that would do?"

The surgeon blushed. What an opening it might have been for his daughter, had she been old enough! Unhappily she was still in her cradle. He explained this to Mr. Harefield.

"My agent, Scratchell, has a little girl, I believe."

"He has several."

"One is quite enough," said Mr. Harefield. "I'll tell him to send one of his girls to play with Beatrix."

Writing to his agent on some business matter that evening, Christian Harefield added this postscript:

"Oblige me by sending the quietest of your girls to play with my daughter every afternoon at three."

The request was somewhat curtly put, but the Scratchells saw in it the opening of a shining path that led to the temple of fortune. From that hour Isabella was exalted above all her sisters and brothers. She was like Joseph with his coat of many colors. All the other sheaves bowed down to her sheaf. She had better raiment than the others, that she might be presentable at the Water House. She never had her boots mended more than once. After the second mending they were passed on to Clementina, whether they fitted or not. Clementina protested piteously.

Beatrix received her new companion, and absolutely her first playfellow, with open arms, and a heart overflowing with love that had run more or less to waste hitherto, or had been squandered on ponies, dogs, and guinea-pigs. Miss Scales, the governess, was not lovable. One might as well have tried to love the Druid stones on the moor above Little Yafford. Christian Harefield wrapped himself in gloom as in a mantle, and lived apart from all the world. So Isabella's coming was like the beginning of a new life for Beatrix. She was enraptured with this little fair-haired girl, who knew how to play at all manner of nice games which Beatrix had never heard of, and which Miss Scales condemned as vulgar. Happily Isabella had been so well drilled in the needy, careful home that she behaved with a propriety in which even Miss Scales could find no flaw. When questioned by Mr. Harefield, the governess reported favorably, though with a certain condescending reserve, of the young guest; and from coming for an hour or two every afternoon, Isabella came almost to live at the Water House, and to receive a share of Miss Scales's valuable instructions, that lady's acquirements being of a solid and unornamental character, which Mr. Harefield approved.

"I shall have your girl carefully educated," said Christian Harefield to his man of business. "I am bound to make some return for her services as my daughter's companion. But if you want her taught music and dancing, you'll have to get that done elsewhere. My girl learns neither."

As well as these educational advantages, Isabella received other benefits which her youthful mind better appreciated, in the occasional gift of a silk frock or a warm winter jacket, purchased for her by Miss Scales at Mr. Harefield's desire; and when Beatrix grew up and had plenty of pocket-money, she was always giving her dear Bella presents.

"It's like having a fairy godmother," said Flora, the third girl, with a pang of envy.

There sat the two girls in the Water House pew this October evening, every body in the parish church knowing their history, and thinking it a very pretty trait of character in Mr. Harefield's daughter that she should be so fond of her humble friend Bella; for it must be understood that Mr. Scratchell, never having been able to struggle out of the morass of poverty, or to keep more than one maid-servant, hardly took his full professional rank in the village, or was even regarded as a gentleman by act of Parliament.

It was a recognized fact that without Mr. Harefield's business—the collection of rents, and drawing up of leases, and ejection of troublesome tenants, and so on—the Scratchells could hardly have gone on existing outside the work-house, the solicitor's practice, over and above this agency, being of the pettiest and most desultory order.

Bella's pretty little Dresden china face was bent over her book as the choir and clergy came filing in. Neither ritualism nor good manners prevailed in Little Yafford church to the extent of inducing the congregation to stand up at this juncture. The flock sat stolidly staring at their pastors, and waited for the service to begin. But though Bella's head was gracefully bent, she gave a little upward glance under her auburn eyelashes, and contrived to see that look in Beatrix's face which was in itself the beginning of a history. And then the service began, and both girls seemed absorbed in their devotions, while Mrs. Dulcimer, contemplating them benignantly from the Vicarage pew, thought what a pretty pair they made, and wondered whom she could pitch upon as a husband for Bella. The poor little thing ought to be married. She was not a great heiress, like Beatrix, but it was not the less incumbent upon some good-natured friend to find her a husband; nay, it was a Christian duty to do so. Matrimony would be the poor child's only escape from straitened circumstances and a life of toil. Every body knew what a struggle those poor Scratchells had to make for the bare privilege of living.

"She's rather pretty, and certainly graceful," mused Mrs. Dulcimer, while one of the wicked Kings of Israel was misconducting himself.

Even a clergyman's wife's mind will occasionally wander, though her husband may be reading the lesson. "I wish I could think of some one to suit her," said Mrs. Dulcimer to herself.

And then it chanced that her glance roamed absently to the reading-desk, where Cyril's crisp brown hair and strongly marked brow showed above the open prayer-book.

"The very man!" Mrs. Dulcimer ejaculated, inwardly, in an ecstasy of good nature.

It is so delightful to feel one's self the providence of one's neighbors. Poor Mrs. Dulcimer's mind was distracted for the rest of the service. This notion about Cyril was one of those splendid ideas which take hold of a matron with overmastering power, like a brilliant scheme for turning a silk dress, or making up last year's exploded bonnet into the latest fashionable shape for this year. Vainly did the busy soul try to pin her mind to the prayer-book. She could not get her thoughts away from the suitability of a match between Cyril and Bella. There was a remarkable fitness about it. Neither of them had any money of their own. That made it so nice. They couldn't feel under any obligation to each other. Cyril would, of course, get on well in the Church. People always did who were as earnest and well-connected as Cyril Culverhouse. And then what an admirable wife Bella would make for a poor man—a girl who had been brought up to pinch and contrive and deny herself and make sixpence do the work of a shilling! It never occurred to Mrs. Dulcimer that this long apprenticeship to self-denial might have induced in Bella a craving for the good things of this life, and an ardent desire for the opportunity of self-indulgence.

By the time Cyril went up into the pulpit to preach his sermon, Mrs. Dulcimer had married him to Isabella, and settled them in a modest but comfortable living, with the prettiest and most rustic of vicarages, where the house-maid's pantry would afford ample scope for Isabella's domestic talents, and the ignorance of an agricultural parish give full play to Cyril's energy and earnestness.

Cyril Culverhouse preached an admirable sermon. He had that gift of clear and concise language, short sentences, bold and distinct expression, appropriate metaphor, and strong coloring which makes certain books in the English language stand out from all other writing with a force and power that command the admiration alike of the cultured and uncultured reader. He had not the subtlety, finesse, and erudition of his vicar, who preached for the most part to please his own fancy, and very often over the heads of his congregation. Cyril's earnestness made every sermon an exhortation, a call to repentance and holy living. It was hardly possible to hear him and not be moved by him. It would have been sheer stony-heartedness in his hearers to sit there and listen to him and make no resolve to live better, and be touched by no pang of compunction for past errors.

Beatrix listened with all her soul in her eyes. Once and once only Cyril's large gaze, sweeping the mass of faces, caught that upward look of the dark eyes. It seemed to him to take away his breath for a moment, and checked the progress of a vigorous peroration. He faltered—substituted a word—recovered himself in an instant, and went on; and no one knew how that one little look had moved him.

The clock struck eight as the congregation came trooping out of the church, with much greeting of neighbors and hand-shaking in the darkness just outside the old stone porch. Mrs. Dulcimer seized upon the two girls as they were going away, with a sober-looking man-servant in a dark livery in attendance on the heiress.

"You are not going home, Trix?" cried the Vicar's wife. "You and Bella must come to the Vicarage to supper. It's an age since I've seen you."

"Dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I spent the day with you only last Tuesday. I am quite ashamed of coming so often."

"You foolish child, you know it is my delight to have you, and Bella must come to-night. I insist on Bella's coming too." This was said with unconscious condescension. It was, of course, a grand thing for Miss Scratchell to be asked to supper at the Vicarage.

"Papa expects me to go straight home," said Beatrix, evidently anxious to accept the invitation.

"My love, you know your papa never expects any thing from you. You are quite your own mistress. Parker," said Mrs. Dulcimer, wheeling suddenly and addressing herself to the footman, "you will be good enough to tell your master, with my compliments, that I am taking Miss Harefield to the Vicarage for supper, and that you are to come for her at ten o'clock. You understand, Parker, at ten, and you can take a glass of ale in the Vicarage kitchen while Miss Harefield puts on her bonnet."

Mrs. Dulcimer always went into details, and overflowed in small acts of good nature to the inferior class.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Seldom has a more thrilling story been recorded than the recent awful experience of the Welsh miners. On April 11, by some strange accident, a flood of waters suddenly inundated the Troedyrhiw Colliery. The miners fled for their lives, but fourteen were found to be missing. As it afterward appeared, four of these were probably killed immediately; but ten were imprisoned—five in one passage and five in another—with a wall of coal on all sides, except one, where the water stood, stayed in its rushing course by the compressed air. Prompt efforts were made to rescue the sufferers, although all the galleries were flooded. Faint knockings guided the explorers to that part of the pit where one party of miners were imprisoned. Men worked with desperate energy in deep water, but with such effect that the next day an opening was made into the chamber where the miners were. Instantly a terrific explosion of compressed air occurred, and one of the imprisoned miners was hurled through the opening, dead. The others were brought out alive. Again strong hands and willing hearts set to work, though with little hope of releasing the other miners alive. Not until April 16 was the water so reduced by pumping as to render other work possible. A faint knocking again guided those cutting a passage, and finally the rescuers were able to communicate with the entombed. Shouting at the top of his voice, a miner asked, "How many of them are you?"

The reply came back, "Five."

"How have you lived?"

"By eating candles. Do make haste."

On the morning of April 20 a message came up from the pit to the excited crowd gathered around that the men were about to be brought out *alive*. A ringing cheer re-echoed through the village. As the last man who had been entombed so many days was being carried into the hospital, a message of anxious inquiry was received from the Queen—for the dreadful calamity had stirred the sympathies of the whole British nation, from the Queen to her lowest subject. It was about noon on the tenth day after the inundation that this wonderful rescue was accomplished. At the last accounts the miners, although feeble and suffering in various ways from their severe experience, were slowly regaining their strength. Contributions have been sent from the Queen and from many sympathizing individuals for the benefit of the rescued miners and those who, by the inundation, are thrown out of employment.

Malignant disease will doubtless be one terrible enemy which the Russian army must encounter in the sickly plains of the Lower Danube. In spring the river overflows its banks, and stagnant pools remain, which become a fruitful source of malarial fevers and kindred diseases. The Turks are accustomed to a warm climate, and suffer less from these diseases, for many reasons, than the Russians would. In such a country sanitary science is as important as military science to any army.

Potato-bugs are warned by the Royal Department of Agriculture in Prussia not to take passage on any vessel sailing between the United States and Germany. Captains, sailors, and passengers are cautioned not to assist them in escaping from this country, nor harbor them in any manner.

Inquiry has been made about the *Journal des Aveugles*, a newspaper for the blind, concerning which we gave an item in our columns a few weeks ago. The paper is published in Geneva, Switzerland. We have not seen any copy of it, our information in regard to it having been obtained entirely from notices in foreign journals.

The recent death in China of the oldest male descendant of Confucius calls attention to the curious fact that this family is the only one which has retained a grand position owing to a pedigree derived from a peaceful thinker. This family holds the highest place in the kingdom, except the throne itself, and has retained it for 202 years longer than the Christian era. The governorship of the district surrounding the tomb of the sage and an estate of 165,000 acres are still held by the representative of the family, which now numbers over eleven thousand persons, and all this multitude are subject to him, while he receives royal honors even from the highest officials.

Long Branch hotels are occupied by painters, cleaners, and carpenters. Improvements of many kinds have been made, and a lively season is anticipated.

It costs something nowadays to keep a dog. Every owner of a dog must get a permit to keep his pet, and pay for it also; he must get a collar for it, with a metal tag having on it the number of the license; also a cord, or a muzzle, or a chain. And if the dog goes into the street unmuzzled, the owner must hold it by the cord or chain. Otherwise, if the dog is found in the streets or public parks unguarded, the owner is exposed to a fine. If all these regulations are complied with, the number of vagrant curs roaming around at large is likely to be comfortably decreased.

Notwithstanding the watchfulness and care exercised in the Post-office Department, letters occasionally disappear in a mysterious manner. When this is the case, a vigilant detective system investigates the movements of all who may by any possibility be suspected of carelessness or guilt. By this means a letter-carrier attached to Station D was recently detected in withholding letters, and was arrested. Several were found upon his person, and on being charged with the crime, he confessed his guilt. He had been in the service only a few months.

Tea made from leaves of the eucalyptus-tree is said to be a specific for certain diseases.

The head of the Vienna firm of Rothschilds has only a "very moderate income"—so say Vienna journals. He receives a yearly revenue of only 38,000,000 florins, or about $19,000,000, derived from railways. But his further profits from Bourse transactions are computed at about $10,000,000 per annum. We suppose he somehow manages to live upon his "moderate income."

Paris journals say that Madame M'Mahon sent her own carriage to take Mlle. Albani to a ball at the Élysée. Albani was dressed in tulle over white faille, looped up with roses, and with diamonds in her hair. Round her neck she wore the circlet of diamonds presented to her at her benefit. She sang airs from *La Sonnambula* and from *Linda*. The Comtesse de Paris and other ladies of the highest rank pressed forward to be introduced to her. Next day she received two charming groups in Sèvres biscuit porcelain from the Élysée, with a large basket of roses and a check for 4000 francs.

A great fire has recently occurred in Tokio, Japan, by which about one thousand houses were destroyed.

Rents at Newport will be materially cheaper this coming season than they were last year. Many cottages were vacant last summer because their owners asked such exorbitant prices for them. They have grown wiser, and the result will be that cottages will find tenants.

A young lad of thirteen recently died in Williamsburg of typhoid fever, caused by the thoughtless cruelty of some of his school-mates. One cold rainy day a few weeks ago, as the boy was returning from school, three of his companions pulled him under a stream of water flowing through the gutter of an awning, and held him there until he was thoroughly drenched. He was of feeble constitution, and a fever set in almost immediately afterward. During the delirium that preceded his death he often called his school-mates by name, begging them not to let the water run on his shoulders. Such a practical joke as this must be a bitter memory for those engaged in it.

Minnesota is in despair about the grasshoppers. Nearly two-thirds of the State is embraced in the "grasshopper region."

The excessive dreariness of the wards of most London hospitals has often been noticed, and a movement has recently been made with a view to mitigate this evil. A gentleman of London—Mr. J. Lawrence Hamilton—earnestly advocates the brightening of the wards and the cheering of the inmates by the addition of suitable pictures, bronzes, sculpture, and decorations of all kinds that combine art with hygiene and education. He also proposes that there be some public place for the temporary storing and exhibiting of art contributions previous to their distribution to the hospitals of London. As a nucleus, Mr. Hamilton contributes one hundred guineas to the committee of the "Art Fund for the Hospitals of London," and appeals to the philanthropists for encouragement in this project.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 27.—Trinity-Sunday.

JUNE.

Sunday, 3.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist; Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 29.—St. Peter.

After a full debate in the Italian Senate, the "Clerical Abuses Bill" was rejected on May 7, the vote being 92 for and 105 against. Thus ends a controversy perhaps the most acrimonious of the many which have arisen between the Pope and united Italy. The apprehension of the consequences certain to follow the passage of such a law led to the allocution of March 12, in which Pius IX. appealed to Catholic Europe for protection. The bill was a very radical measure. It proposed to punish by fine, and imprisonment extending from three months to two years, any minister of religion who should, "abusing the acts of his ministry, disturb the peace of families," or who, "by discourse delivered or read to public meetings, or by writings otherwise published, should expressly censure, or by other public act outrage, the institutions or laws of the state, a royal decree, or any other act of the public authority." In view of the vagueness of the definition of the offenses specified, it is well that the bill has failed. It could be made to mean much or little, according to the temper of the authorities, and could have produced no other result than increased exasperation on both sides. The provocation given by the papal invectives is, no doubt, great; but heretofore the strength of Italy has lain in her calm persistence. In the Clerical Abuses Bill her government, if we may so say, strikes wildly.

As the American Bible Society grows in resources, its operations attain grand proportions. In sixty-one years its issues of Bibles and Testaments have amounted to 32,774,388 copies. During the past year the copies issued were, at home, 621,726; abroad, 259,330, making a total of 881,056. There were manufactured at the Bible House, 558,448 copies; printed abroad, 278,247. The society has diminished the number of its district superintendents, having now twenty-nine; there are also 239 county agents employed by auxiliary societies; there were during 1876, 5819 volunteer Bible distributers, who gave their services gratuitously. The society and its auxiliaries have together, through their agents, visited during the past year 470,588 families; of these, 63,855 have been found without the Scriptures, and 39,900 supplied. The money receipts, as already stated in this Intelligence, were $543,579; this is an excess over the receipts of the preceding year of $16,381.

Since the closing of Mr. Moody's Tabernacle services in Boston, the churches of that city have been open every evening, with a numerous attendance of worshipers. The large additions to the number of members heretofore reported still continue. Mr. Moody has gone to Northfield. Gospel meetings, as they are termed, are now held in Lynn. Here, too, hundreds have been added to the churches. Among the speakers who have recently appeared at these Gospel services is General John L. Swift. At the recent meeting of the Suffolk North Congregational Conference it was stated that in Cambridge the number of members of the orthodox Congregational churches had in nine years increased from 1157 to 1753. It was claimed that theologically Cambridge had changed in ten years, and that it is now predominantly orthodox.

The American Home Missionary Society (Congregational), whose aim is to support feeble churches, has had a satisfactory year. From April 1, 1876, to April 1, 1877, it has employed 996 ministers, who have supplied 2196 congregations and missionary stations. Seventy-two churches have been organized during the year, and twenty-seven have become self-supporting. Over 5000 persons have become church members on a profession of faith. The receipts for the year were $293,712, the expenditures $310,604, leaving a balance of $7897 due to missionaries for labor performed but not yet reported. The receipts are less by $16,315 than those of the year preceding.

The total result of what is called in Germany the "Culturkampf," or war between the Empire and the Church, is thus stated: The archbishops of Gnesen-Posen and Cologne, the bishops of Breslau, Paderborn, and Münster, and the Auxiliary Bishop of Posen—six in all—have been deposed. The sees of Treves and Fulda have become vacant by death. The proceedings against the Bishop of Limburg have not been brought to a close. About 600 members of different orders and congregations have been expelled from the diocese of Cologne, among them 120 priests. The parishes without priests are, in the diocese of Cologne, 94; in Paderborn, 90; in Münster, 60; in Treves, 140; in Limburg, 17; in Breslau, 64; in Hildesheim, 11; and like proportions in the other dioceses. In many of the parishes the vacancies have been caused by the death of priests; the bishops will not fill these vacancies, from an unwillingness to conform to the government regulations.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has expended during the last fiscal year $480,316; the receipts have been $472,749. The debt of the board is now $43,554. The total receipts from the women's boards have been $125,000—an increase for the year. This department of mission support is growing in the Presbyterian, as in the other Protestant Churches. There has been a falling off in the contributions of the people of nearly $50,000, but this has been balanced by severe retrenchment in every department. The sermon at the annual meeting was preached by the Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

The American Tract Society's operations have been curtailed during the past year. The receipts were in all $441,196, which, added to balances in the treasury, makes the total resources for 1876, $449,269; the expenditures were $441,119. The number of new publications issued was 132, thirty-one of them volumes. The society publishes six periodicals, all of which are said to be self-supporting. The number of colporteurs employed was 209. A resolution was adopted at the annual meeting proposing a return to the old-fashioned May anniversaries.

Some singular illustrations occur of the ferment of theological opinions which characterizes our times. The Rev. Dr. Armitage, the most amiable of Baptist ministers, having in his Easter sermon spoken strongly of the participation of the Jews in the crucifixion of Christ, the Rev. Dr. Gottheil has in reply announced a series of sermons designed to set forth "the Jewish side of the transaction." Dr. Gottheil is the pastor of the Temple Emanuel, the largest Jewish place of worship in this city. At the same time, Wong Ching Foo, a Buddhist, is lecturing in New York on Buddhism, and especially in vindication of the "intelligence, morals, and religion of the Chinese."

The decision of the Court of Appeals of this State in relation to liquor saloons has aroused activity in two distinct lines. The National Temperance Society, at its twelfth anniversary (Hon. William E. Dodge presiding), adopted resolutions declaring its great satisfaction with the decision, and calling upon "the officials duly empowered and charged with the duty of administering the excise law to see that its restrictive and prohibitory provisions are fully and promptly enforced." The Board of Managers was requested to appoint a standing committee to co-operate with the authorities in suppressing the illegal liquor traffic. Under the lead of Dr. Howard Crosby, a society for "the prevention of crime" has been organized in this city. This society will make one of its chief objects the suppression of tippling shops. Dr. Crosby was elected president. It was stated at the meeting of this association that no change will be probably made by the present Legislature of New York in the laws relating to the sale of distilled liquors. The Excise Commissioners of this city will, it is said, issue licenses to saloon-keepers upon their complying with the requirement of the law in regard to accommodations for lodgers.

The trial of the Rev. John Miller, of Princeton, New Jersey, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick has ended in his suspension from the ministry. The heretical matter was alleged to be contained in three propositions found in Mr. Miller's recently published book, entitled *Questions Awakened by the Bible:* (1) that the human soul is not immortal; (2) that Christ needed to be redeemed, and was redeemed by His own death; (3) that there is but one person in the Godhead. On the trial Mr. Miller defended himself with much eloquence, and claimed the liberty of deviating from the standards of the Presbyterian Church in the matters named. The charge and specifications were unanimously sustained by the Presbytery. Mr. Miller will appeal to the Synod of New Jersey.

The American and Foreign Christian Union reported receipts for the year amounting to $15,994, and disbursements to the amount of $15,279. This society sustains the American Chapel in Paris, and an active work in the Western States, which is under the superintendence of the Rev. H. H. Fairall. The chapel in Paris is not only self-supporting, but during the last two years has engaged in active mission work in that city. The American Seamen's Friend Society has received during the year $65,805, and has expended $63,313. Bible-readers and colporteurs have been employed at its expense in many of our coast towns, and in several cities of Europe. Nearly 2000 boarders have been accommodated at the Sailors' Home in Cherry Street; 799 libraries have been sent out on vessels. The libraries are returned when the vessels come home, and are loaned out again. The Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed (Dutch) Church report $6240 receipts during the year; of this sum $3240 were applied to general uses, and $2589 to the mission at Nagasaki, Japan. At a meeting of the directors of the American Colonization Society, held in this city, a committee on finances, previously appointed, reported that contributions had steadily declined since 1867. Only twenty-seven persons were sent to Liberia last year. The question was mooted of removing the head-quarters of the society to New York. One director was of the opinion that the society had accomplished its mission. Action on the recommendations of the committee was postponed until January, 1878.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk of stilettoes, bodkins, gatherings, surgings, hemmings, gorgings, cuttings, whippings, lacings, cuffings, and bastings. What a list of abominables!

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," rejoined the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

"When a dog Spitz, he may be considered mad," remarked somebody. That's whelp put.

A dealer advertises "A large lot of bankrupt pianos and organs." Now who would wish to purchase musical instruments whose notes are not good?

The people in Massachusetts valleys are getting so now that when a man comes into the neighborhood and builds a dam, they sell out and move to the top of the hill, and nail cleats up along the trunks of the highest trees.

A young woman from the rural districts entered a dry-goods store the other day, and asked for a pair of stockings. The clerk politely asked her what number she wore. "Why, two, you fool. Do you think I am a centipede, or that I have a wooden leg?"

A wag, in "What he knows about Farming," gives a very good plan to remove widows' weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say, "Wilt thou?" and they wilt.

A female justice of the peace in Wyoming recently fined her husband heavily for flirting.

"How would you make a believer of an incredulous man?" asked one gentleman of another not long since. "I think the surest way would be to set him over a bee-hive," was the reply; "and I calculate that after he'd been stung once or twice he would become a *bee-leaver* in earnest."

A man will carry five hundred dollars in his vest pocket, but a woman needs a morocco porte-monnaie as large as a fist, and too heavy to carry in the pocket, to escort a fifty-cent scrip, a recipe for making jelly-cake, and two samples of dress goods.

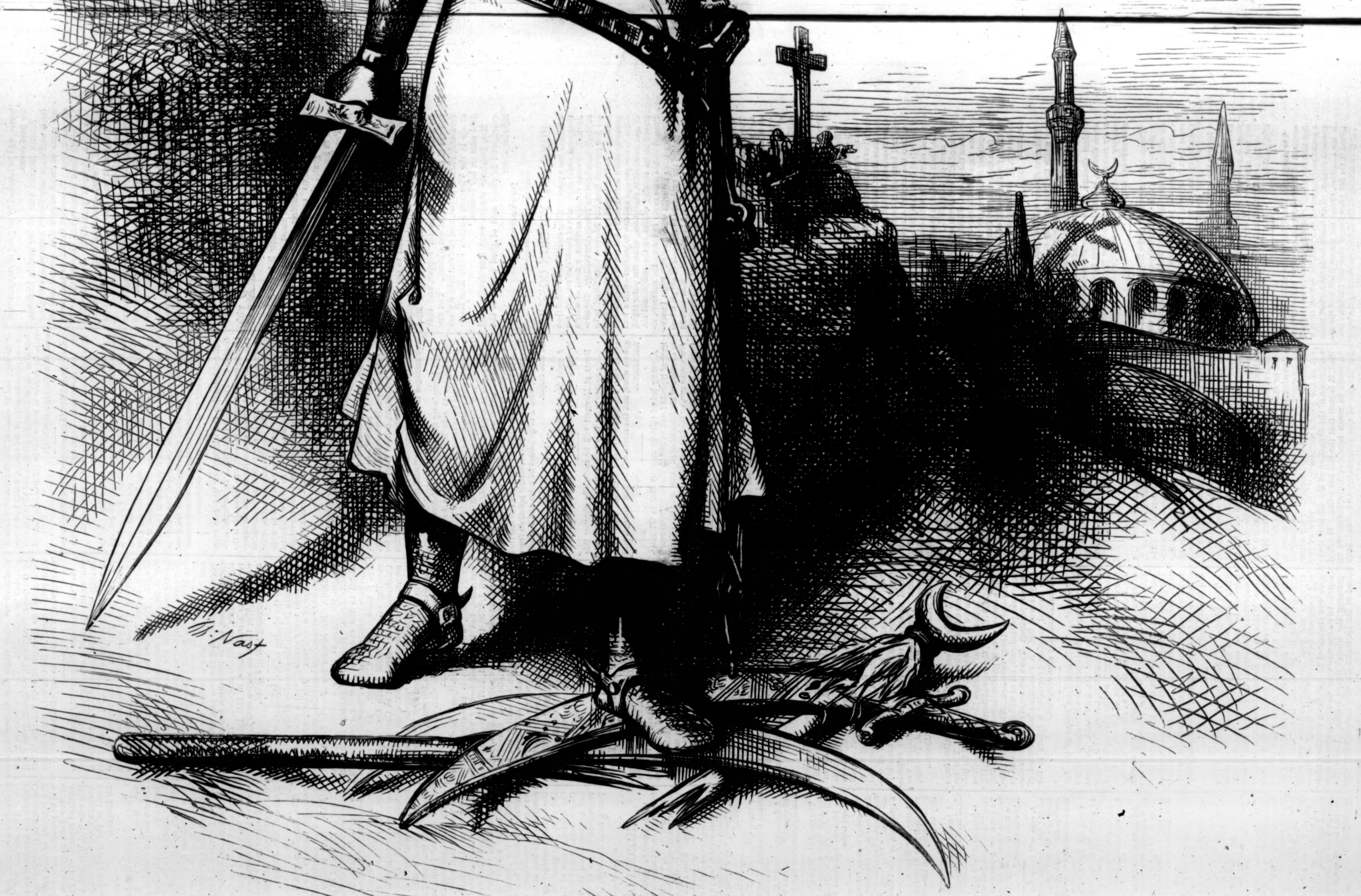
"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a gallant, "is to shut your eyes."

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.

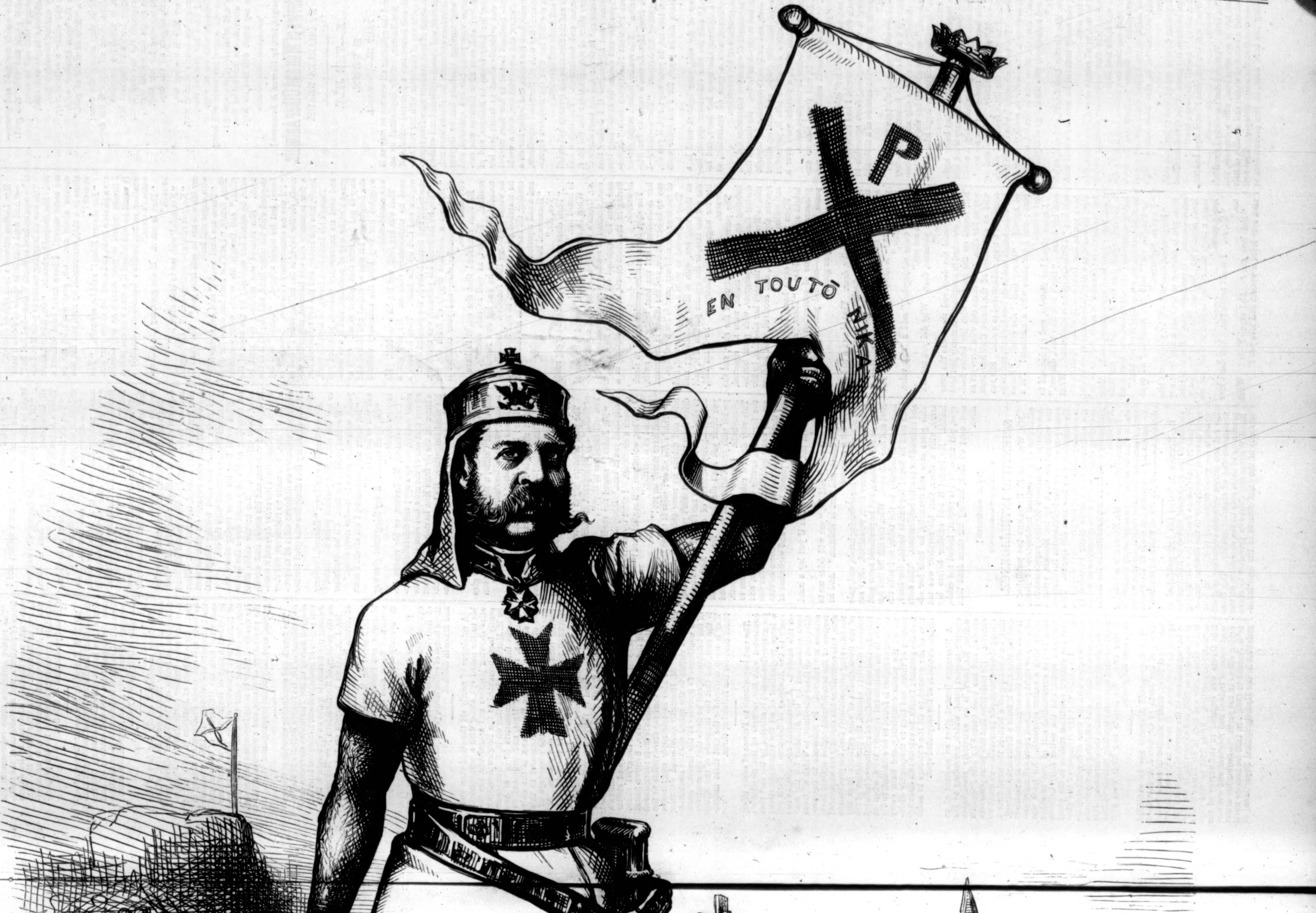
An agent, soliciting subscriptions for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading, "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

Don't put me in the river-bank,
Among the fragrant flowers,
Nor where the grass is watered by
The early summer showers.
But put me in the kitchen range,
And open wide the damper,
And then my vaporous remains
Can up the chimney scamper.

At a dinner, and between the sherry and Champagne—to which period the *enfant terrible* of the family had been unfortunately permitted to linger—the host had gone to praising his own wine in a fashion which was certainly an evidence of its great intoxicating qualities. "That sherry, Sir, cost me sixty dollars a dozen. I bought it at the auction of the Emperor Napoleon's wines, and imported it myself." "Why, papa!" interrupted the *enfant*, "that was all gone long ago, and mamma filled the bottles up from the California keg. She said that you never had any friends who could tell the difference."



THE PRESENT CRUSADE—THE ATTITUDE OF THE CZAR IN DECLARING WAR AGAINST THE TURKS.


EN TOUTÒ NIKA

MAY.

All the woods are gold and green—
Tender green and white and gold:
Buttercups that *will* be seen,
Dandelions bright and bold;
Starry daisies, hawthorn gay,
Make the shady woodland way,
Make the open meadow wold,
Like a "field of cloth of gold."

Bluebirds sing among the trees;
Robins chant all through the day—
Chant in wondrous melodies
Happy Love's triumphant lay.
Music greets the dawning light;
Music greets the restful night;
Earth, rejoicing for her May,
Singeth, singeth all the day.

Lo! my May is coming too,
Coming up Love's shining way,
And I have her promise true,
Evermore, with me to stay.
When she comes, her smile will bring
Song and splendor of the spring;
And when dawns our bridal day,
Then my heart will find its May.

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

X.—THE JILT.

A YARN.

PART III.—(*Continued.*)

On board the schooner all was not so rosy as it looked. Mrs. Laxton, quietly imprisoned by an iron hand, and forced into a pictorial attitude of affection quite out of character with her real sentiments—which at that moment were fear, repugnance, remorse, and shame—quivered and writhed in that velvet-iron embrace: her cheeks were red, at first, with burning blushes; but by degrees they became very pale; her lips quivered, and lost all color; and, soon after Greaves was carried below, her body began to collapse, and at last she was evidently about to faint; but her changeable husband looked in her face, uttered a cry of dismay, and supported her, with a world of tenderness, into the cabin, and laying her on a sofa, recovered her with all the usual expedients, and then soothed her with the tenderest expressions of solicitude and devotion.

It was not the first time his tyranny had ended in adoration and tenderness. The couple had shed many tears of reconciliation: but the finest fabric wears out in time; and the blest shade of Lord Byron must forgive me if I declare that even "Pique her and soothe by turns" may lose its charm by what Shakspeare calls "damnable iteration." The reader, indeed, might gather as much from Mrs. Laxton's reply to her husband's gushing tenderness. "There—there—I know you love me, in your way; and, if you do, please leave me in peace, for I am quite worn out."

"Queen of my soul, your lightest word is a command," said the now chivalrous spouse, impressed a delicate kiss upon her brow, and retired, backward, with a gaze of veneration, as from the presence of his sovereign.

This sentiment of excessive veneration did not, however, last twenty-four hours. He thought the matter over, and early next morning he brought a paint-pot into the cabin, and having stirred some of his wife's mille-fleur into it, proceeded to draw, and then paint, a certain word over a small cupboard or locker in the state cabin.

Mrs. Laxton came in, and found him so employed. "What a horrid smell!" said she, pettishly. "Paint!"

"What, do you smell it?" said he, in a humble, apologetic tone. "I thought I had succeeded in disguising it with something more agreeable to the nostrils of beauty—the essence of a thousand flowers."

"You have not, then; and what *are* you doing?"

"Painting a word on this locker. A salutary word. Behold, queen of this ship and your husband's heart;" and he showed her the word "DISCIPLINE" beautifully written in large letters and in an arch.

She began to quake a little; but being high-spirited, she said, "Yes, it is a salutary word, and if it had been applied to you when a boy, it would be all the better for you now—and for me too."

"It would," said he, gravely. "But *I* had no true friend to correct the little faults of youth. You have. You have a husband, who knows how to sail a woman. '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*' that's the rule, when one is blessed, and honored, and tormented, with the charge of capricious beauty."

Then Mrs. Laxton took fright, and said, cajolingly, she really believed he was the wisest man upon the seas.

As he was, at all events, one of the vainest, this so gratified him that no further allusion to her faults was made that day.

The next morning two sailors had a fight for the affections of Susan Tucker, Mrs. Laxton's Welsh maid, whom he had made her color and rig out as Zulema, in that little comedy with Castor.

Thereupon Laxton complained to her, and said, "I can not have the peace of the vessel disturbed by that hussy. I shall discharge her."

"What, into the sea, dear?" said Mrs. Laxton, rather pertly.

"No, love. Though I don't see why I shouldn't launch her in an open boat, with a compass, and a loaf, and a barrel of water, and a bottle of hair oil—she uses that, the nasty little pig. That sort of thing has been done, on less provocation, to Captain Blyth, and many others. No, I shall fire across the bows of the first homeward-bound—"

Mrs. Laxton uttered a loud sigh of dismay.

—"And send that little apple of discord back to its own orchard in South Wales—he! he! he!"

This was no laughing matter to poor Mrs. Laxton. She clasped her hands. "Oh, Edward, show me some mercy! I have never been without a woman about me. Oh, pray don't let me be alone in a ship, surrounded by men, and not one woman!"

"For shame, Ellen!" said he, severely. "You are a pirate's bride, and must rise above your sex. I devote myself to your service as lady's-maid. It would be odd indeed if a man who can pass a weather earing, couldn't humble-cum-stumble a woman's stays."

"That is not it. If she goes, my life will not be safe."

"Not safe! with me to look after it!"

"No, you villain!—you hypocrite! If she goes, my life will not be safe from *you.*" She was wild with anger and fear.

"These are hard words," said he, sorrowfully. Then, firmly, "I see the time has come for discipline;" and though his words were wondrous calm, he seized her suddenly by the nape of the neck. She uttered one scream; the next he stopped with his other hand, and she bit it to the bone; but he never winced. "Come," said he, "I'll use no unnecessary violence. '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*' is the sailing order;" and in a few moments she was bundled, struggling violently, into the locker, and the key turned on her.

Though his hand bled freely, he kept his word, and used no unnecessary violence, provided you grant him, by way of postulate, that it was *necessary* to put her into that locker at all. Only as she fought and bit and scratched and kicked and wriggled her very best, the necessary violence was considerable.

That was her fault, not his, he conceived. He used no unnecessary violence. He now got a napkin and tied up his hand. Then he took a centre-bit and bored holes in the paneled door.

This, he informed his prisoner, was necessary. "Without a constant supply of fresh air, you would be uncomfortable; and your comfort is very dear to me."

He then remarked that she ought to have a sentinel. Respect, as well as safe custody, demanded that; and, as he was his own factotum, he would discharge that function. Accordingly, he marched past the locker, to and fro, without ceasing, till there was a knock at his cabin door, and a sail reported to leeward.

"Homeward bound?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then close up with her, and get my gig ready to board her."

When he came near her, it proved to be one of Mr. Green's tea ships; so he fired a gun to leeward, instead of sending a shot across her bows; and then he launched his gig, with Susan blubbering in the stern-sheets, and her clothes in a hammock.

The ship, for a wonder, condescended to slack her main-sheet, and the boat, being very swift, ran up to her astern, and the officer in command of the boat offered forty pounds for a passage.

They happened to want a female servant, and so they took her, with a little grumbling; and she got her fare, or the greater portion of it, paid her for wages at Southampton. So I am told, however.

The pursuit and capture of the ship, and the hoisting on board of Susan, were all reported, during their actual progress, with great bonhomie, to Mrs. Laxton, through her air-holes, by her spouse and sentinel, and received with sobbing and sullen tears.

When the boat came back, Laxton put on a bright and cheerful air. "There," said he to his prisoner, "the bone of contention is gone, and peace is restored—nautical peace and domestic peace. Aren't you glad?"

No answer.

"Don't be sulky, dear. That shows a bad disposition, and calls for discipline. Open your mind to me, This is the cellular system, universally approved. How do you find it work? How do you feel, love? A little—subjugated—eh? Tell the truth now."

"Yes; quite subjugated," said a faint voice. "Pray let me out."

"With pleasure, dear. Why did you not ask me before?"

He opened the door, and there was the poor woman, crouched in a cupboard that only just held her, seated on the ground with her knees halfway to her chin. She came out with her eyes as wild as any beast of the forest that had been caught in a trap, and tottered to a seat. She ran her white hands recklessly into her hair, and rocked herself. "O my God!" she cried. "Susan gone; and I am alone with a madman! I'm a lost woman!"

Laxton pitied her distress, and set himself to cool her fears. "Don't talk like that, dearest," said he; "a little discipline is wholesome. What have you to fear from a man whose sportive ensign, no doubt, is a death's-head and cross-bones; but his motto is '*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*' Look here; here is an ensanguined cloth. Mine is the only blood that has been shed in our little loving encounter; the only blood that ever shall be shed between us, sweet tigress of my soul."

"Forgive me!" said she, trembling all over. "I was so frightened."

"Forgive you, dearest? Why, you know a bite from you is sweeter to me than a kiss from any other woman. It was rapturous. Bite me again, love; scratch me; beat me. Sweet, darling Nelly, teach a brute and ruffian to dare to discipline his lovely queen."

"No, no. I won't touch you. You don't love me."

"Not love you? Ah! cruel Nelly! What man ever loved a woman as I love you?"

"Give me a proof; some better proof than locking me up in that horrid hole."

"Any proof you like."

"Take me on shore. I'm not a sailor; and I begin to pine for the land."

"Of course you do," said Laxton, who was now all indulgence. "Choose your land at once. There's Australia to leeward."

"Yes, six thousand miles. Let us go to China, and drink tea together, dear, fresh gathered."

"The desire is natural," said Laxton, like a nurse making life sweet to a refractory child. "I'll go on deck and alter her course directly. By-the-bye, where did that Castor say I should find him?"

Thus, even in her deplorable condition, and just let out of prison, did a terrified but masterly woman manipulate her maniac.

But what she endured in the course of a very few days was enough to unhinge a lady for life. Laxton took to brooding, and often passed his hand over his brow with a weird, terrified look. Then she watched him with terror. On deck he went into furies about the most trifling things, and threatened his best seamen with the cat.

Ellen could hear his voice raging above, and sat trembling as his step came down the ladder after these explosions. But at the cabin door he deposited violence, and his mania took another turn. He disciplined her every day, and it seemed to cool him. She made no resistance, and they conversed amicably on different sides of the prison, she admitting that discipline was good for her mind.

After a time she would say, "Edward, I'm sorry to say this contracted position pains my limbs."

"We must provide for that. I'll build another yacht, with more room in it—for *every thing.*"

"Do, dear; and, meantime, I am afraid I must ask you to let me out."

"Oh, by all means. Every thing must give way to your comfort."

Unfortunately, Mr. Laxton, as his reason became weaker, set up a spy; and this fellow wormed out that one of the crew had seen Castor take a letter on the sly from Mrs. Laxton. This upset his mind altogether. He burst in upon her, looking fearful. "So you write love-letters to strangers, do you?" he roared.

"No, no. Who dares say so?"

"Who dares deny it? You were seen to give one to that Castor, a man you had only spoken to once, you false-hearted, adulterous hussy!"

"It was only a letter to my father."

"Liar! it was a love-letter. And that Greaves couldn't show his face, but you must unveil to him.—Damnation!—There! you are driving me mad. But you shall not escape, nor your paramours elect. I know where to find *them;* and *you* I've got."

The poor creature began to shiver. "I am full of faults," she whimpered. "Discipline me, dear. You will mend me in time."

"No, Judas!" roared the madman. "I have disciplined you in vain. Discipline! it is wasted on such a character. I must try EXTINCTION."

"What, would you kill me, Edward?"

"Dead as a herring."

"God have mercy on me!"

"That's *His* affair; *mine* is to see that you deceive and delude no more able navigators, and drive them mad. But don't you think I'm going to shed your blood. I'm too fond of you, traitress—viper—hussy—demon of deceit. And don't you think you shall die alone. No. You shall perish with your Castor and your Greaves, cursed triumvirate. I know where to find them both. This very day I'll catch them, and lash them to the furniture, scuttle my beloved schooner, and set the water bubbling slowly up till it sucks you all three down to the bottom. Sit down on that ottoman, if you please, loveliest and wickedest of all God's creatures."

"I will not. I will scream if you lay a hand on me."

"In that case," said he, "you will drive me to a thing I detest, and that is violence." And he drew out a revolver.

Then she put up her quivering hands, and, pale and quaking in every limb, submitted. She sat down on the ottoman, and he produced some gold cord and fine silk cord. With the silk he tied her hair most artistically to the table, and with the gold cord he bound her hands behind her back, and reduced her to utter helplessness. This done with great care and dexterity, he bade her observe, with a sneer, that his revolver was not loaded. He loaded it and another before her eyes, put them in his pocket, locked the cabin, and went on deck, leaving her more dead than alive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. William H. Edwards has published a catalogue of the diurnal lepidoptera of North America and Northern Mexico, supplementing the well-known work by Dr. Morris, printed some years ago by the Smithsonian Institution. He enumerates no less than 506 species. This is about equal to that of the previous catalogues, the additional new species being balanced by canceling names which were synonyms or not legitimately entitled to introduction in the North American list.

The special object of Mr. Edwards is to bring about what he considers a satisfactory nomenclature, dissenting from the radical changes which he insists Mr. Scudder has made in his recent divisions and lists, in few of which he concurs.

Dr. Eugene A. Smith has just published an account of the geological survey of Alabama for the year 1876, his labors during the year having been devoted principally to the silurian region, which is the great depository of iron ore, both the red and brown varieties occurring in great abundance and of superior quality. The close proximity of these ores to the coal-fields on the Black Warrior and Cahawba promises to make this one of the chief centres of the iron industries in Alabama. The researches and preliminary examinations of the Coosa coal-fields are also published.

The report embraces some reference to the fauna of the State, and a catalogue of the fresh-water and land shells of Alabama, by Dr. James Lewis, of Mohawk. The liberality of Mr. Truman H. Aldrich, of Montebello, is acknowledged, in furnishing the means for the preparation and publication of this list.

Mr. H. S. Eaton, in his recent inaugural address before the Meteorological Society of London, enters into a calculation showing that the heat developed from the vast amount of coal burned in London is sufficient to raise the temperature of that city to an appreciable extent above its rate in former years.

We have mentioned briefly the fact of the death of Professor Alexander Braun, which took place at Berlin on the 29th of March, and now add some further particulars to his biography. He was born at Ratisbon in 1805, and at an early age was made Professor of Botany in the University of Freiburg. In 1850 he became connected with the University of Giessen, and in 1852 with that of Berlin, where, as Professor of Botany and Director of the Botanical Gardens, he remained until the time of his death. He was the author of many important papers on the physiology of plants, and numerous monographs, especially of the cryptogamia.

The fourth and concluding number of the second volume of Dr. Hayden's Bulletin of the Geological Survey of the Territories embraces several papers of geological and zoological interest. Among the former is quite an elaborate article on the geology of Northeastern New Mexico.

Mr. J. A. Allen has papers on the variation of certain North American birds and mammals.

Mr. Joseph de Notaris, an eminent Italian biologist, and Professor of Botany in the University of Rome, died on the 22d of January, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Professor Orton is actively engaged in the exploration of the geology and natural history of Bolivia, and has quite recently sent home three boxes of collections, principally of reptiles and fishes in alcohol.

A catalogue of nearly six thousand stars visible to the naked eye, along with a uranometric atlas showing position and magnitude, has recently been presented to the Belgian Academy by M. Houzeau. Reporting on it, M. Lenaigre remarks that the "Uranometria Nova" of Argelander, revised by Heis, and extended to the southern skies by Behrmann, is the only one of the kind that can be compared to this one; but M. Houzeau's has the advantage of having been all produced by one person. M. Houzeau took up his abode in the neighborhood of the equator, whence he could easily pass from one hemisphere to the other, and the work was completed in thirteen months. The determinations are all quite original, the author not having accepted the magnitudes assigned by previous observers. He confirms Struve's observation as to decreasing density of stellar layers parallel to the plane of the great circle passing through the Milky Way. Struve found that the law of condensation is more pronounced for telescopic stars than for stars visible to the naked eye, and also as telescopic magnitudes diminished. M. Houzeau questioned whether for stars visible to the naked eye the condensation continues to increase in the inverse sense of the brightness, and he finds that the contrary is the case, and that the influence of the Milky Way is more marked for the first three magnitudes than for the following three.

The vast importance to France of every thing connected with the ravages of the phylloxera (or grape-vine louse) is attested by the fact that a large proportion of all the communications made to the Academy of Sciences in Paris are on this subject. A permanent commission has been established by the Academy for the consideration of these questions, to which all these articles are referred. In reference to the protection of the non-infected region against invasion, this committee has recently recommended the following propositions: first, the prohibition of the transmission of vine cuttings from any infected district; second, the prohibition of the introduction and planting of cuttings of infested vines in an uninfected region; third, when an uninfected region is found to be attacked, to dig up all the plants completely, and burn every portion of them, and then to thoroughly disinfect the ground; fourth, to extend this disinfection of the ground to all the cuttings to some distance outside of the suspected spot.

A Nicaragua journal gives an account of an electric magnet plant, which, according to the writer, Mr. Levy, is an extremely remarkable species, and has been named by him *Phycolata electrica.* He maintains that this plant possesses strong electro-magnetic properties—so much so that, on breaking off a branch, the hand feels a decided shock, as if from a Ruhmkorf battery. It also affected the magnetic needle at a distance of seven or eight paces, and more and more violently with a nearer approach. No trace was seen in the surrounding soil of iron or other magnetic metal, and the writer fully believes that the electric condition resides in the plant itself. He states that the strength of the phenomena varies with the time of day, it being almost zero at night, and attaining its maximum power about two o'clock in the afternoon. It is also increased in stormy weather, but intermitted during rain. No insects nor birds were ever seen near the plants.

The *Geographical Magazine* has an extended notice of the death of Captain J. E. Davis, of the Royal Navy, briefly alluded to some weeks ago in our columns. It refers to Captain Davis as having assisted in the survey of Captain Fitzroy, as early as 1835, and as serving in the *Erebus,* between 1839 and 1843, in Sir James Ross's antarctic expedition. From 1844 to 1864 Captain Davis was engaged in the survey of the west coast of Ireland and England, and was surveying officer in the yacht *Fox* during her cruise to Greenland in 1860. In 1863 he became naval assistant in the Hydrographical Department of the Admiralty, and as such devoted much attention to the question of temperatures and apparatus for deep-sea soundings. The success of the arrangements for the operations of the *Challenger* is believed to be largely due to his instrumentality and ingenuity. The reports made by him of the movements of the *Challenger* in the *Geographical Magazine* and elsewhere are of great importance in giving the public authentic knowledge in regard to them.

The observation of variable stars, which has received but little attention in the United States during the past twenty years, has been taken up by Mr. S. C. CHANDLER, Jun., of New York, who succeeded, in 1875, in obtaining many determinations of the critical points in the light curves of twenty-five of the more important of these stars. The observations were conducted after the methods of ARGELANDER and SCHÖNFELD, and are of importance in several ways. The observations of *R. Sagittæ* (June 21 to November 4, 1875) seem to indicate a reversal of the principal and secondary minima as given by Professor SCHÖNFELD (2d catalogue), and this interesting case demands further attention.

Much ingenuity has been expended of late years in devising convenient apparatus for the speedy and economical production of ice by artificial means. It is well known that the ice supply can be made much more advantageously from the manufactured article than from that imported from colder regions. Quite recently Messrs. SIDDELEY & MACKAY, of Liverpool, have invented a very simple arrangement for the production of cold by the evaporation and condensation of ether or other equivalent substance, the special result being ice that is absolutely clear, and in blocks some six inches thick. This transparency is effected by a device for the constant agitation of the water while freezing, so that all the air bubbles are driven out. The maximum blocks hitherto made are some twelve inches thick, weighing about 700 pounds each.

Professor GEORGE H. COOK has just published his report, as State Geologist of New Jersey, for the year 1876. Having completed, some years ago, an examination of the general geology of the State, the survey is now occupied more particularly in observing its agricultural and other natural resources, including an investigation of the fire and pottery clays, etc.

An account is given of the exhibit made by the survey of the geology and agriculture of New Jersey at the Centennial—a display which earned and received much commendation. A large map of the water-shed of the Passaic River is given in the report, which includes all the swamps, marshes, ponds, and streams of the district.

The report of the Maryland Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for the year 1876 shows a meritorious degree of activity in the work of fish propagation, the details in regard to the construction of a hatching house, and the operations of the Commission generally, entitling the Maryland Commission to rank among the most prominent in the country. A very neat and tasteful hatching house of stone has been constructed in Druid Hill Park, capable of accommodating many millions of eggs, especially by the use of the hatching jars invented by Mr. FERGUSON, one of the Commissioners.

A good deal has been done by the Commission in the way of distributing black bass from the Potomac River to other waters; but the most important labor was in connection with the shad, of which many millions were hatched out and planted. The most successful station for this purpose proved to be Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna River, the yield of the Potomac being entirely disproportioned to the expense, scarcely enough spawning fish being taken to keep a single gang of men employed. This is the more remarkable and to be lamented in view of the fact that scarcely forty years ago the Potomac River furnished 25,000,000 shad and 750,000,000 herring, or an estimated weight of 600,000,000 pounds of these two kinds of fish, and that in a single season of six weeks.

In addition to shad, a large number of California salmon, land-locked salmon, and trout have been hatched and distributed. Reference is made by Mr. FERGUSON to the ponds in Druid Hill Park constructed for the reception of carp, which the United States Fish Commission has imported from Germany, and is now endeavoring to propagate in sufficient number to commence the distribution of this extremely valuable fish to various waters of the country.

MAJOR ANDRÉ'S LAST QUARTERS.

IN a few days a quaint old house, which has long enjoyed a certain historical reputation, will be demolished, and another landmark of the Revolution will be swept away. At the intersection of Bedford and Fulton avenues, and bounded by Herkimer Street, in Brooklyn, on a plot of ground well overshadowed with trees, there stands a low two-storied house. The peculiar roof, the massive walls, and the general squat yet comfortable outlines of the house show that its construction was due to ante-Revolutionary times. Before the house once ran King's Highway, which follows about the line of Fulton Avenue to-day, and right alongside of it was once the entrance to the Klooft Road, now called Clove Road. Just here, before the battle of Long Island, with beat of drum and loud huzzas, the British troops debouched, and, throwing out their flanking forces, enveloped the Americans as in a net. In this old house Major ANDRÉ had his quarters just prior to his fatal visit to ARNOLD. After ANDRÉ's capture and execution, such baggage as belonged to the unfortunate gentleman was disposed of by his fellow-officers for the benefit of his estate. In a little room up stairs, a small window which lights it now looking on Bedford Avenue, were once kept the records of King's County. Just at the time of the battle of Long Island the County Clerk, one RAPALJE, made away with all the county papers, and for years there was confusion as to county documents. Many years after the Revolution, a party pretending to come from Wales offered to restore the missing papers in consideration of the payment of $10,000, but as the loss had been overcome by that time, the demand was refused. The house, from the best information now obtainable, was built about 1750, and some time before the Revolution became the property of LEFFERT LEFFERTS. During our struggle for independence the British established a permanent camp at Bedford, which lay but a short distance south and west of this house, so that the LEFFERTS homestead, being adjacent to the camp, was a favorite resort of the British officers. This house was for a long time the head-quarters of General GREY, commander of the English forces. Innumerable reminiscences of Revolutionary times have been retained by J. CARSON BREVOORT, Esq., in whose family this property has remained for over a century. One big locust-tree quite near the house recalls the punishment of the Hessian soldiers. Much given to pilfer, the pigs and poultry in the neighborhood were at the mercy of these mercenaries. On a complaint having been made by LEFFERT LEFFERTS, the delinquent Hessians were tied to this particular locust, and the men were soundly lashed by order of the English provost-marshal. The whole of this locality was known one hundred years ago as Bedford. Lord HARRIS, in an account of the action of Long Island, writes: "At daybreak, August 27, the light infantry attacked and forced several small posts which the Americans had on the road leading to their lines at Bedford." In HENRY ONDERDONK's *Revolutionary Incidents* there are many references made to LEFFERT LEFFERTS. "On January 27, 1783, LEFFERT LEFFERTS offers 2 guineas reward for 2 colts (branded L. L. on near side), stolen or strayed off the common about Bedford last summer."

While the artist who was drawing the picture of this old house, shown in our engraving on page 412, was sketching its first outlines, within a few yards of him the laborer too had commenced his work. The virgin grounds leading to the house were being broken up. Handsome brown-stone edifices will hereafter embellish this portion of old Bedford. Still, the lover of history and of the times which have long gone past must feel a certain pang when such old landmarks are brushed from off the face of the earth. The best one can do is to treasure up these ancient memories, and to record with text and picture the last glimpse we shall ever have of the house Major ANDRÉ lived in.

(Continued from No. 1062, page 347.)

CARITÀ.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ROGER'S FATE.

ROGER BURCHELL had made two unsuccessful visits to the Square—the first absolutely painful, the second disappointing. On both occasions he had failed to see Cara, except surrounded by strangers, who were nothing, and indeed less than nothing, to him; and both times he had gone away resolute that nothing should induce him to tempt fate again and come back. But a young man who is in love persuades himself with difficulty that fate is against him. It seems so unlikely and incredible that such a thing should be; and short of a distinct and unmistakable sentence, hope revives after the shock of a mere repulse has a little worn off. And then Roger had heard that Cara was coming back to the Hill, and his heart had risen. When she was there again, within his reach, without "these fellows" by who had troubled him, Cara, he flattered himself, would be to him as she used to be; and, distance lending enchantment to his vision, it appeared to him that she had been much kinder in those days than she ever really was, and that she must have understood him, and had seriously inclined to hear what he had to say. Soon he managed to persuade himself that Cara had never been cold, never had been any thing but sweet and encouraging, and that it was only her surroundings which had led her away from him, and forced the attention which she would have much more willingly bestowed upon himself, the companion of her youth. This idea brought a rush of tender feeling with it, and resolution not to be discouraged—never to take an answer again but from Cara herself. How likely that she might have wondered too why he did not take the initiative, why he did not insist upon speaking to her, and getting her own plain answer! From this to the thought that Cara was looking out for him every Sunday—wondering, disappointed, and alarmed that he did not come—was but a step; and then Roger made up his mind to go again, to insist on seeing her, and *to ask her*—simply to ask her, neither more nor less—for there was very little time to lose. In the autumn he was going to India; already his importance had risen with all belonging to him. Up to this moment he had been only one of the boys, more or less, wasting money, and limiting the advantages of the others; but in autumn he would have an income of his own, and would be independent. The sense of importance went to his head a little. Had he met the Queen, I think that he would have expected her Majesty to know that he was going out to India in October. It was not that he was vain of himself or his prospects; but a man *with an income* is very different from a man without that possession. This is a fact which no one can doubt. It was late in April when he came to the Square for the third time, and so fine a day that every body had gone out, except Cara, who was not well. When he was ushered into the drawing-room he found her seated in an easy-chair, with a shawl round her. Though it was very sunshiny outside, it was rather cold in-doors. Miss Cherry, who stood by with her bonnet on, and her prayer-book in her hand, had just ordered the fire to be lighted, and Cara, with her cold, had crept close to it. Miss Cherry was going to the afternoon service.

"I shall not be long, my darling. You will not miss me," she was saying, "though I don't like to leave you on my last day."

"Don't say it is the last day; and, look, here is Roger to keep me company," said Cara. "He will sit with me while you are away."

How glad he was, and how eager to promise!

Miss Cherry thought no more of poor Roger than if he had been a cabbage. She thought it might be an amusement to her niece to hear his little gossip about home; and though she saw through his eagerness, and suspected his object, yet she was not alarmed for Cara. Poor blind moth, coming to scorch his wings, she said to herself, with a half-amused pity. She did not pay very much attention to what he might have to suffer. Indeed, unless one has a special interest in the sufferer, such pangs always awake more or less amusement in the mature bosom; and tender-hearted as Miss Cherry was, her mind was too full of other things to have much leisure for Roger, who was, she thought, anyhow too shy and awkward to commit himself. She had her mind full of a great many things. She was going away, now that her brother was not going. But though she was anxious about her old aunt, and her home, which she had left for so long a period, she was anxious about Cara too, and did not know which of these opposing sentiments dragged her most strongly to one side or the other. And then she was angry with her brother—angry with him for staying, and angry that there had been an occasion for his going away. She went to afternoon church at that drowsiest hour when, if the mind has any temptation to be dejected or to be cross, it is crosser and more downcast than at any other moment, and attended a sleepy service in an old dingy chapel, one of the few which are still to be found remaining, in which a scattered congregation drowse in big pews, and something like a clerk still conducts the responses. Miss Cherry had been used to this kind of service all her life, and in her gentle obstinacy of conservatism clung to it, though it possessed very few attractions. She said her own prayers very devoutly, and did her best to join in the irregular chorus of the clerk, and she sat very erect in the high corner of the pew, and gave an undivided attention to the sermon, sternly commanding every stray thought out of the way. But the effort was not so successful as the valor of the endeavor merited. Miss Cherry did not like, as she said, to have the good effect all dissipated by worldly talk after a good sermon (and was not every sermon good in intention at least, calculated, if we would only receive its directions, to do good to the very best of us?), and for this reason she was in the habit of avoiding all conversation on her way from church. But her resolution could not stand when she saw Mr. Maxwell coming toward her from the other side of the street. He had not been at church, she feared; but yet she had a great many things to ask him. She let him join her, though she liked to have her Sundays to herself.

"Yes, I hope Miss Charity is better," he said. "Her energy has come back to her, and if the summer would really come— I hear of another change, which I can't say surprises me; but yet— Your brother, then, is not going away?"

"No; why should he?" said Miss Cherry. It is one thing to find fault with one's brother, and quite another thing to hear him criticised by his friend.

"I thought so," said Maxwell; "he has no stamina, no firmness. I suppose, then, he has made up his mind?"

"To what, Mr. Maxwell? He has made up his mind not to go away."

"And to all the consequences. Miss Cherry, you are not so simple as you wish people to think. He means, of course, to marry again. I had hoped he would have more sense—and better feeling."

"I don't know why you should judge James so harshly," said Miss Cherry, with spirit. "Many people marry twice, of whom nothing is said; and when they do not, perhaps it is scarcely from good taste or feeling on their part."

"You are kind," said the doctor, growing red, and wondering within himself how the d—— could she know what he had been thinking of. Or was it merely a bow drawn at a venture, though the arrow whistled so close?

"Whatever wishes I might have," he added, betraying himself, "are nothing to the purpose. Your brother is in a very different position. He has a pretty, sweet daughter, grown up, at a companionable age, to make a home for him. What would he have? Such a man might certainly be content, instead of compelling people to rake up the past, and ask unpleasant questions."

"Questions about James? I don't know what questions any one could ask about my brother—"

"Well," said Maxwell, somewhat hotly, "I don't like doing any thing in the dark, and you may tell Beresford, if you like, Miss Cherry, all that I have to say—that I shall oppose it. I shall certainly oppose it. Never should I have said a word had he let things alone; but in this case, it will become my duty."

"What will become your duty?" said Miss Cherry, aghast.

He looked at her wondering face, and his own countenance changed. "It is not any thing to bother you about," he said. "It is—a nothing; a matter between your brother and me."

"What is it?" she said, growing anxious.

He had turned with her, and walked by her side in his vehemence. Now that she had taken fright, he stopped short.

"It is only that I have a patient to see," he said; "and I am glad to be able to make your mind quite easy about Miss Beresford. She is twice as strong as either you or I."

And before she could say another word he had knocked at a door they were passing, and left her, taking off his hat in the most ordinary way. What did he mean? or was it nothing—some trifling quarrel he had got into with James? Miss Cherry walked the rest of the way home alone, indeed, and undisturbed, but with a strange commotion in her mind. Was there something serious behind these vague threatenings, or was he only depressed and cross, like herself, from the troublesome influence of spring, and of this east-windy day?

Meanwhile, Roger sat down in front of Cara's fire, which was too warm, and made him uncomfortable, for he had been walking quickly, and he had no cold. He thought she looked pale, as she reclined in the big chair, with that fleecy white shawl round her, and he told her so frankly.

"It is living in town that has done it," he said. "When you come back to the country, you will soon be all right."

"It is only a cold," said Cara. "I don't know now when we shall go to the country. Aunt Cherry leaves us to-morrow."

"But you are coming too? Yes, you are. Miss Charity told my mother so. In a few days—"

"Ah, that was before papa changed his plans. He is not going abroad now, so I stay at home," said Cara.

The young man started up from his seat in the sudden sting of his disappointment. He was too unsophisticated to be able to control his feelings. Still, he managed not to swear or rave, as Nature suggested. "Good Heavens!" was the only audible exclamation he permitted himself, which, to be sure, is merely a pious ejaculation, though a lower, "Confound!" came under his breath; but this Cara was not supposed to hear.

"Home!" he said, coming back after a walk to the window, when he had partially subdued himself. "I should have thought the Hill, where you have lived all your life, and where every body cares for you, would have seemed more like *home* than the Square."

"Do not be cross, Roger," said Cara. "Why should you be cross?" Something of the ease of conscious domination was in her treatment of him. She did not take the same high ground with Oswald or Edward; but this poor boy was, so to speak, under her thumb, and, like most superior persons, she made an unkind use of her power, and treated her slave with levity. "You look as if you meant to scold me. There is a little red here"—and she put up her hand to her own delicate cheek to show the spot—"which means temper, and it is not nice to show temper, Roger, especially with an old friend. I did not choose my home any more than my name. You might as well say you should have thought I would prefer to be May rather than Cara."

"It is you who are unkind," said the poor young fellow. "Oh, Cara, if you remember how we have played together, how long you have known me! and this is my last summer in England. In six months—less than six months—I shall be gone."

"I am very sorry," she said. "But why should you get up and stamp about? That will not make things any better. Sit down and tell me about it. Poor Roger! are you really going away?"

Now this was not the tone he wished of expected, for he was far from feeling himself to be poor Roger because he was going away. Offended dignity strove with anxious love in his mind, and he felt, with perhaps a vulgar yet very reasonable instinct, that his actual dignity and importance made the best foundation for his love.

"It is not so much to be regretted, Cara, except for one thing. I shall enter upon good pay at once. That is worth sacrificing something for; and I don't care so much, after all, for just leaving England. What does it matter where a fellow is, so long as he is happy? But it's about being happy that I want to speak to you."

"I think it matters a great deal where one is," said Cara; but she refrained, out of politeness to him, who had no choice in the matter, to sing the praises of home. "I have been so used to people wandering about," she said, apologetically; "papa, you know; but I am glad that you don't mind; and, of course, to have money of your own will be very pleasant. I am afraid they will all feel it very much at the rectory."

"Oh, *they!* they don't care. It will be one out of the way. Ah, Cara, if I only could think *you* would be sorry!"

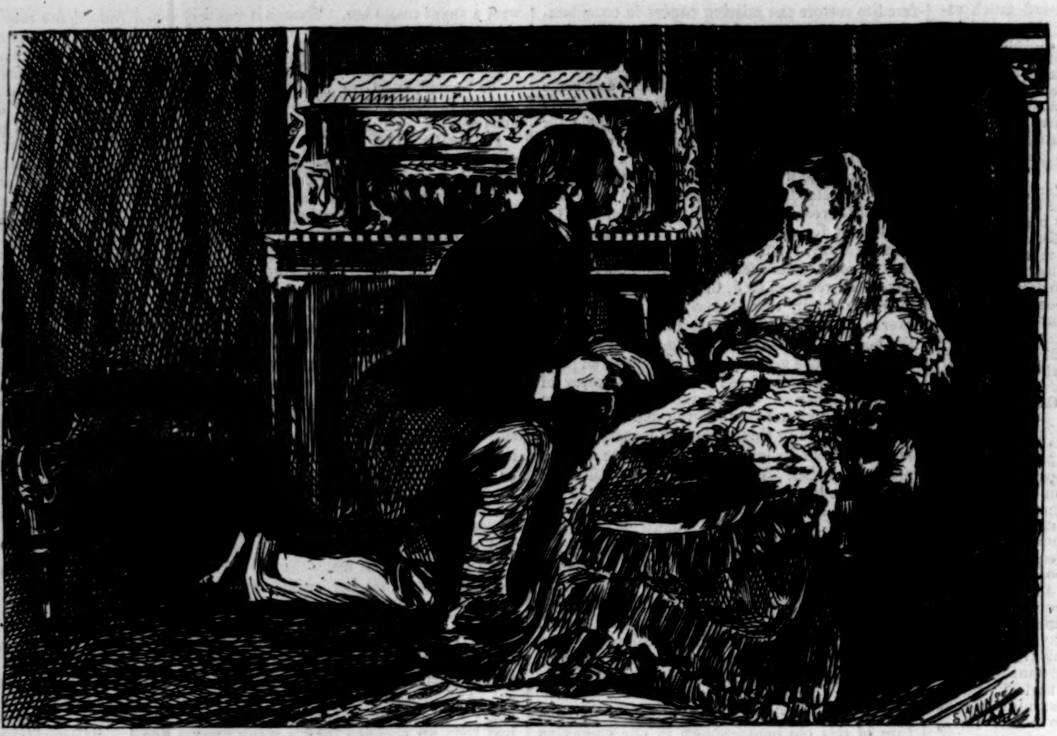
"Of course I shall be sorry, Roger," she said, with gentle seriousness. "There is no one I shall miss so much. I will think of you often in the woods, and when there are garden parties. As you are going, I am almost glad not to be there this year."

"Ah, Cara, if you would but say a little more, how happy you might make me!" said the young man, self-deceived, with honest moisture in his eyes.

"Then I will say as much more as you like," she said, bending forward toward him, with a little soft color rising in her cheeks. "I shall think of you always on Sundays, and how glad we used to be when you came; and if you have time to write to me, I will always answer; and I will think of you at that prayer in the Litany for those who travel by land and water."

"Something more yet—only one thing more!" cried poor Roger, getting down upon one knee somehow, and laying his hand on the arm of her chair. His eyes were quite full, his young face glowing. "Say you love me ever so little, Cara! I have never thought of any one in my life but you. Whenever I hoped or planned any thing, it was always for you. I never had a penny—I never could show what I felt, anyhow—but now I shall be well enough off, and able to keep—"

"Hush!" said Cara, half frightened; "don't look so anxious. I never knew you so restless before; one moment starting up, and walking about, another down on your knees. Why



"SOMETHING MORE YET—ONLY ONE THING MORE."

should you go down on your knees to me? Of course I like you, Roger dear; have we not been like brother and sister?"

"No," he said; "and I don't want to be like brother and sister. I am so fond of you, I don't know what to say. Oh, Cara, don't be so quiet, as if it didn't matter! I shall be well off, able to keep a wife."

"A wife?—that is a new idea," she said, bewildered; "but you are too young, Roger."

"Will you come with me, Cara?" he cried, passing over, scarcely hearing, in his emotion the surprise yet indifference of this question. "Oh, Cara, don't say no without thinking! I will wait if you like—say a year, or two years—I shall not mind. I would rather wait fifty years for you than have any one else, Cara. Only say you will come with me, or even to me, and I shall not mind."

Cara sat quite upright in her chair. She threw her white shawl off in her excitement. "*Me?*" she said; "me?" (That fine point of grammar often settles itself summarily in excitement, and on the wrong side.) "You must be dreaming," she said; "or am I dreaming, or what has happened? I don't know what you mean."

He stumbled up to his feet, red as the glow of the fire which had scorched him, poor boy, as if his unrequited passion was not enough. "If I am dreaming," he said, in the sharp sting of his downfall, "it is you who have made me dream."

"I?" said Cara, in her surprise (the grammar coming right as the crisis got over). "What have I done? I don't understand at all. I am not unkind. If there was any thing I could do to please you, I would do it."

"To please me, Cara?" he cried, sinking again into submission. "To make me happy, that is what you can do, if you like. Don't say no all at once; think of it at least; the hardest-hearted might do that."

"I am not hard-hearted," she said. "I begin to see what it is. We have both made a mistake, Roger. I never thought *this* was what you were thinking; and you have deceived yourself, supposing I knew. I am very, very sorry. I will do any thing—else—"

"I don't want any thing else," he said, sullenly. He turned his back upon her in the gloom and blackness of his disappointment. "What else is there between young people like us?" he said, bitterly. "My mother always says so, and she ought to know. I have heard often enough of girls leading men on—enticing them to make fools of themselves—and I see it is true now. But I never thought it of you, Cara. Whatever others did, I thought you were one by yourself, and nobody like you. But I see now you are just like the rest. What good does it do you to make a fellow unhappy—to break his heart?" Here poor Roger's voice faltered, the true feeling in him struggling against the vulgar fibre which extremity revealed. "And all your smiling and looking sweet, was it all for nothing?" he said—"all meaning nothing? You would have done just the same for any body else. What good does it do you? for there's nobody here to see how you have made a laughing-stock of me."

"Have I made a laughing-stock of you? I am more ready to cry than to laugh," said Cara, indignantly, yet with quivering lip.

"I know what you will do," he said; "you will tell every body—that is what you will do. Oh, it's a devilish thing in girls! I suppose they never *feel* themselves, and it pleases their vanity to make fools of us. You will go and tell those fellows—those Merediths—what a laugh you have had out of poor Roger. *Poor* Roger! but you sha'n't have your triumph, Miss Beresford," said the poor lad, snatching up his hat. "If you won't look at me, there are others who will. I am not so ridiculous as to be beneath the notice of some one else."

He made a rush to the door, and Cara sat leaning forward a little, looking after him, her blue eyes wide open, a look of astonishment, mingled with grief, on her face. She felt wounded and startled, but surprised most of all. *Roger!*—was it Roger who spoke so? When he got to the door he turned round and looked back upon her, his lips quivering, his whole frame trembling. Cara could scarcely bear the pitiful, despairing look in the lad's eyes.

"Oh, Roger," she said, "don't go away so! You can't imagine *I* ever laughed at you, or made fun of you. I?—when you were always the kindest friend to me. Won't you say 'good-by' to me kindly? But never mind, I shall see you often before you go away."

And then, while he still stood there irresolute, not knowing whether to dart away in the first wrathful impulse, or to come back and throw himself at her feet, all these possibilities were made an end of in a moment by Miss Cherry, who walked softly up the stairs, and came in with her prayer-book still in her hand. Roger let go his hold of the door which he had been grasping frantically, and smiled with a pale countenance as best he could to meet the new-comer, standing out into the room to let her pass, and doing all he could to look like any other gentleman saying "good-by" at the end of a morning call. Cara drew the shawl again upon her shoulders, and wrapped herself closer and closer in it, as if that was all she was thinking of. If they had not been so elaborate in their precautions, they might have deceived Miss Cherry, whose mind was taken up with her own thoughts. But they played their parts so much too well that her curiosity was aroused at once.

"Are you going, Roger? You must stop first and have some tea. I dare say Cara had not the good sense to offer you some tea; but John will bring it directly when he knows I have come in. Is it really true, my dear Roger, that you are going away? I am sure I wish you may have every advantage and good fortune."

She looked at him curiously, and he felt that she read him through and through. But he could not make any attempt at make-believe with Miss Cherry, whom he had known ever since he could remember. He muttered something, he could not tell what, made a hurried dash at Cara's hand, which he crushed so that her poor little fingers did not recover for half an hour, and then rushed out of the house. Miss Cherry turned to Cara with inquiring eyes. The girl had dropped back into her chair, and had almost disappeared in the fleecy folds of the shawl.

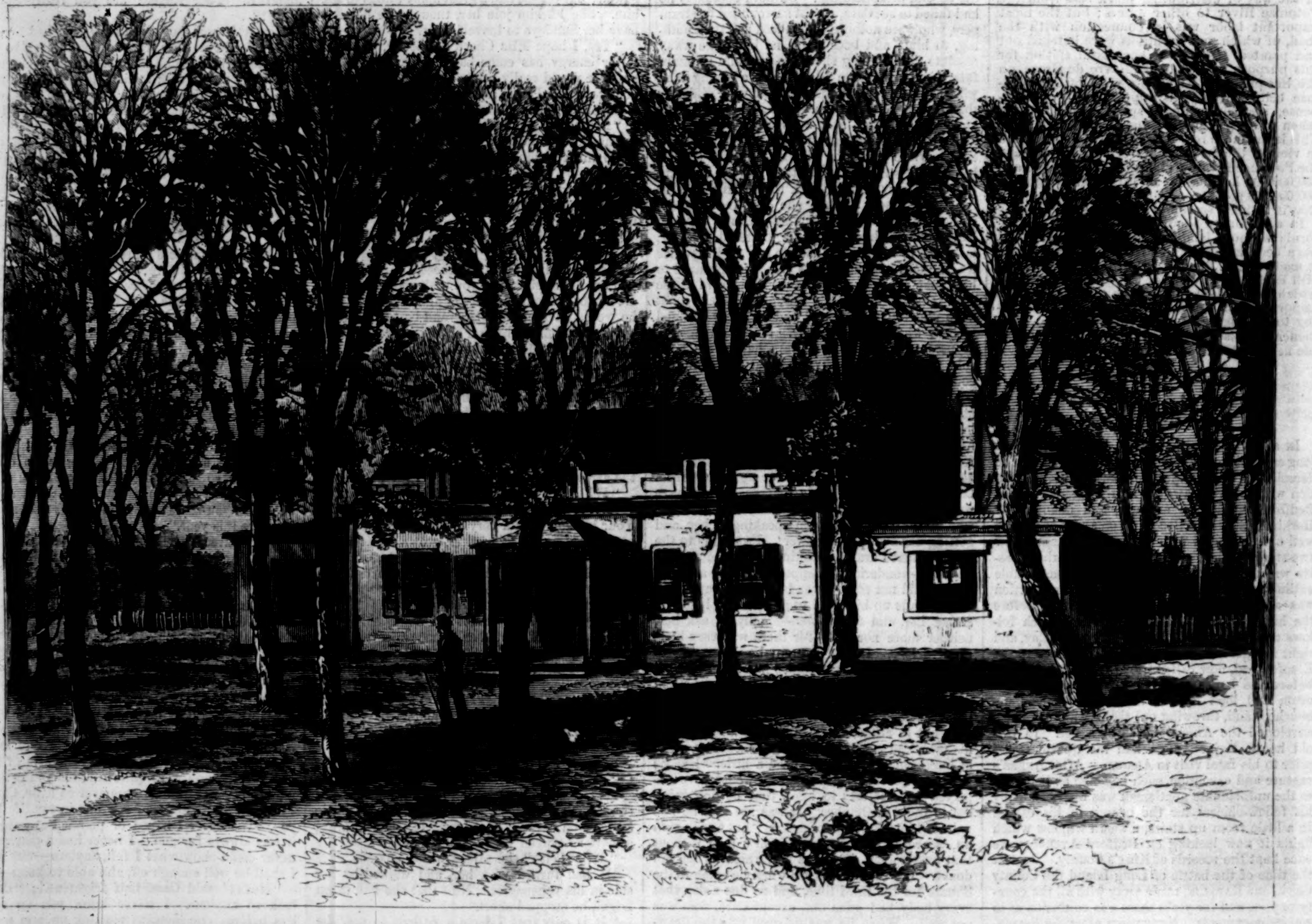
"What have you been doing to Roger?" she said. "Poor boy! If I had known, I would have warned him. Must there always be some mischief going on whenever there are two together? Oh, child, you ought to have let him see how it was; you should not have led him on!"

"Did I lead him on? What have I done? He said so too," cried poor Cara, unable to restrain her tears. She cried so that Miss Cherry was alarmed, and from scolding took to petting her, afraid of the effect she had herself produced.

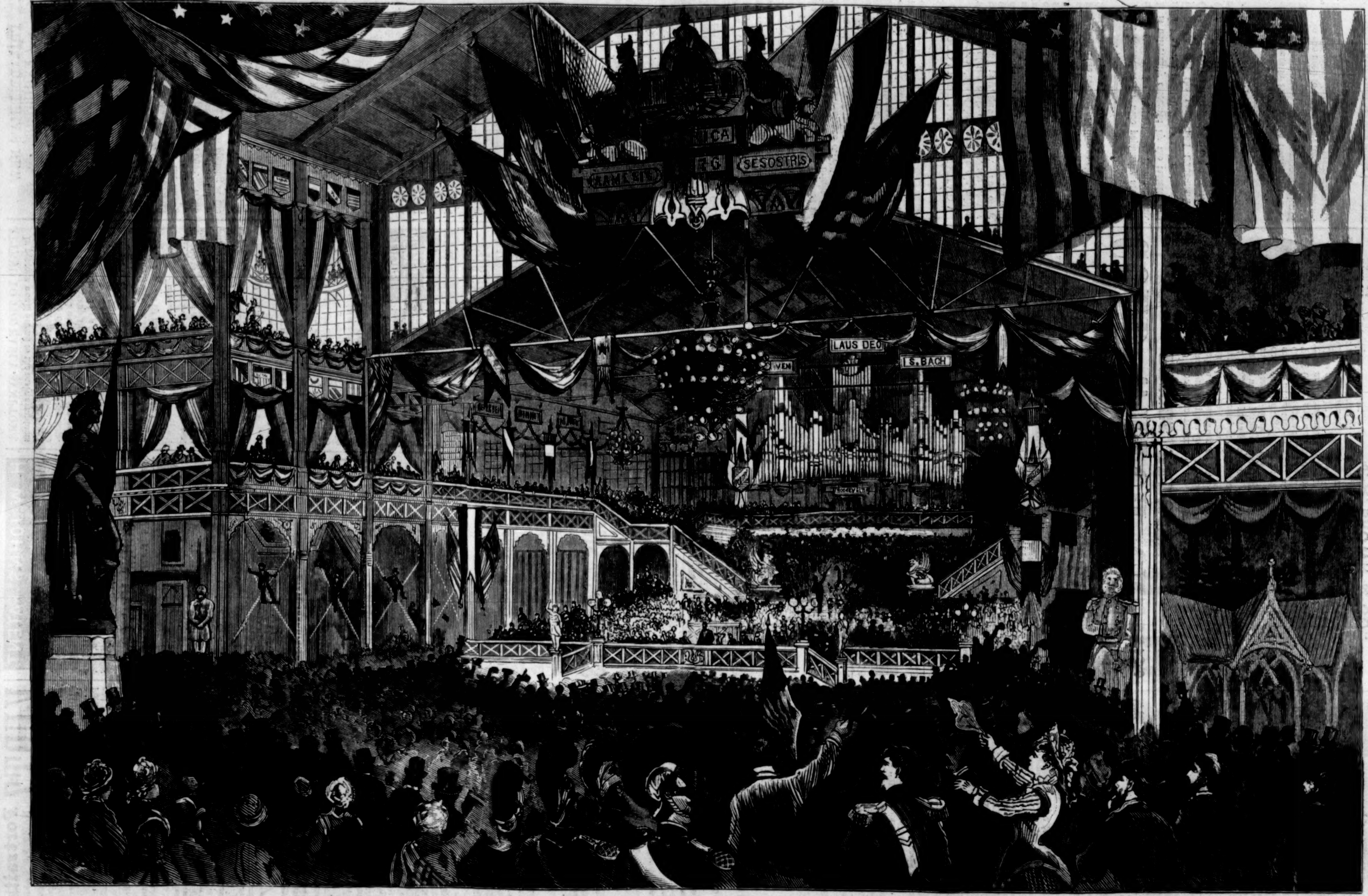
"It's only a way of speaking," she said. "No, my darling, I know you did not. If he said so, he was very unkind. Do not think of it any more."

But this is always so much easier to say than to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



OLD HOUSE IN BROOKLYN, ONCE OCCUPIED BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.—From a Sketch by Charles Mente.—[See Page 411.]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THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA—OPENING DAY.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 414.]

PHILADELPHIA'S NEW EXHIBITION.

The Permanent Exhibition in the Main Building of the Centennial Fair of last year was opened on the afternoon of the 10th inst., in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The city presented a holiday appearance; shops, hotels, and dwelling-houses were decorated with bunting, and business was almost entirely suspended. Early in the morning long lines of vehicles and crowds of persons on foot began moving toward Fairmount Park, and the horse-cars running thither were filled to overflowing. It had been decided that the gates should not be opened until eleven o'clock, but before that hour the throng surging about them was so great that it was determined to relieve the pressure at once. Without the grounds the scene was almost as animated as it was a year ago, at the opening of the Centennial. The Main Building presented precisely the same exterior appearance as then; it does not show the year's wear, and the fronts and towers were as bright with flags as ever.

The formal opening took place in the afternoon, and was attended by President Hayes and several members of his cabinet, ex-President Grant, and many other distinguished persons. The President and his predecessor were received by the immense crowd with enthusiastic cheers. The great hall was packed with men and women; every one of the 6000 seats in the main auditorium in front of the platform was occupied, and the standing multitude stretched far back on the right and left and almost to the further end of the south transept. It was estimated that when the exercises began 20,000 persons were within the building, and that 25,000 were present during a portion of the exercises. Speeches and music followed the entrance of the President and his party into the hall, and at the conclusion of Oliver Wendell Holmes's choral, "Angel of Peace," the President declared the Exhibition open.

Few important alterations have been made in the Main Building to fit it for the Permanent Exhibition. The chief architectural alteration appears at the centre of the north side, where from a broad platform tiers of seats for orchestra and chorus rise one above another to the organ gallery. Stairs on either side lead from the floor to the platform, from which ascends through the orchestra a flight of steps. Lofty arcades have been built from the organ gallery to the north towers, commanding a varied and picturesque view of the entire building. In front of the platform and reaching back to the centre, where stood the music stand a year ago, is an auditorium with seats for 8000 persons, and on either side in the nave hundreds more might stand within hearing distance. The foreign courts have been re-arranged so that all front on the nave. In the west end of the building, on the north side, are the Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Tunisian, Turkish, Spanish (agricultural), and Chinese courts, and directly opposite, across the nave, are the Egyptian, Spanish (industrial), German, and English. In the east end are the Japanese, French, Belgian, Swiss, Mexican, and Brazilian courts, the last of which the management has rendered far more imposing by bringing forward its rear portions to a line with the old front. Other interior changes have been made with a view to the better classification of the exhibits. On the floor of the nave, and equidistant from the two ends, flower beds have been inclosed in metallic borders, and made already bright and fragrant. For the convenience of visitors a department of public comfort has been established on the south side of the building, adjoining the central entrance. The display from native and foreign sources is remarkably large, varied, and attractive, and the Permanent Exhibition gives every promise of success. Our illustration on the preceding page gives a spirited view of the opening.

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The eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, within the limits of the State of Nevada, are heavily timbered with pine, spruce, and fir. The other mountain ranges are bare, or thinly wooded with dwarf cedar and nut pine, with mountain mahogany, fir, and juniper in some localities. The mountains vary in height, reaching an elevation of from 7000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and are intersected by numerous ravines. Within the timbered regions immense quantities of charcoal are made, and the settlements of the burners and the clusters of kilns, as shown in our illustration on page 405, are often very picturesque.

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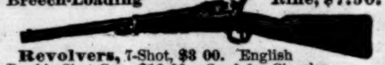

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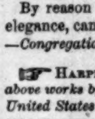

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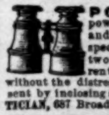

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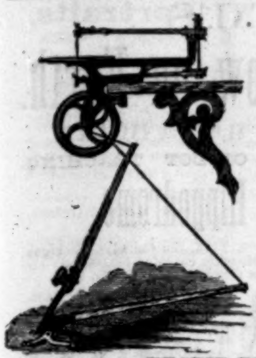

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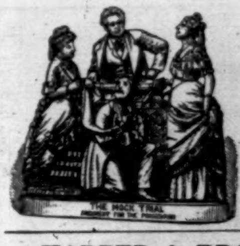

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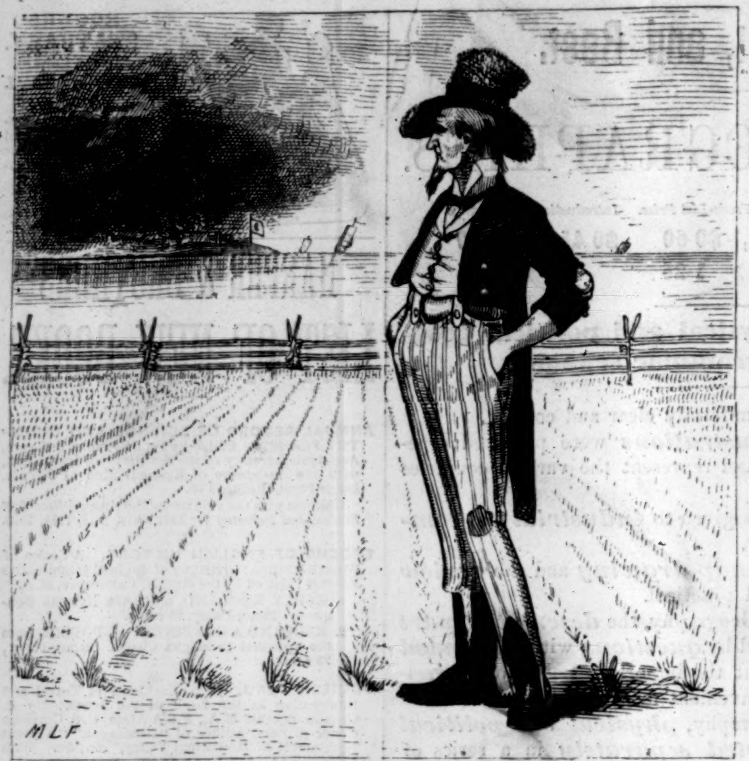

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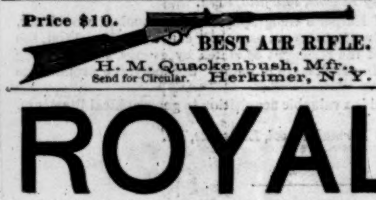

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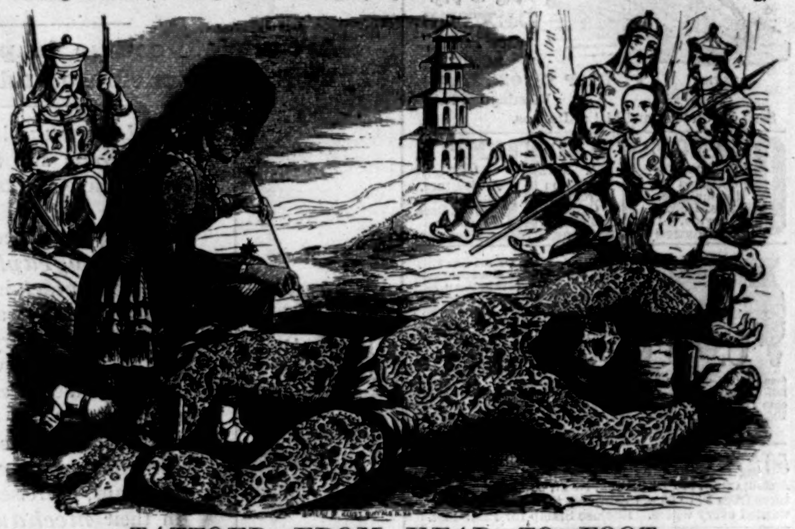

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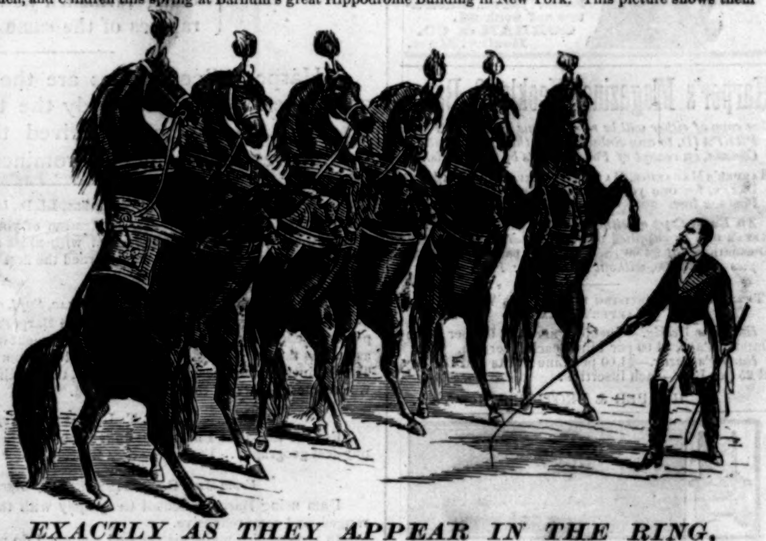

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where also will appear twice each day one hundred peerless performers, funny clowns, and more than a hundred beautiful Arabian horses, ponies, elephants, camels, and other marvelously-educated performing animals. A Golden Street Procession a mile in length, full of startling features, with immense glittering Chariots, men in Armor, Bands of Music, curious Automatons, OPEN CAGES OF LIONS, in which AN INTREPID LADY PERFORMER APPEARS, and ENORMOUS SERPENTS, with their FEARLESS KEEPERS INSIDE THE CAGES, takes place daily from 9 to 10 o'clock A.M.

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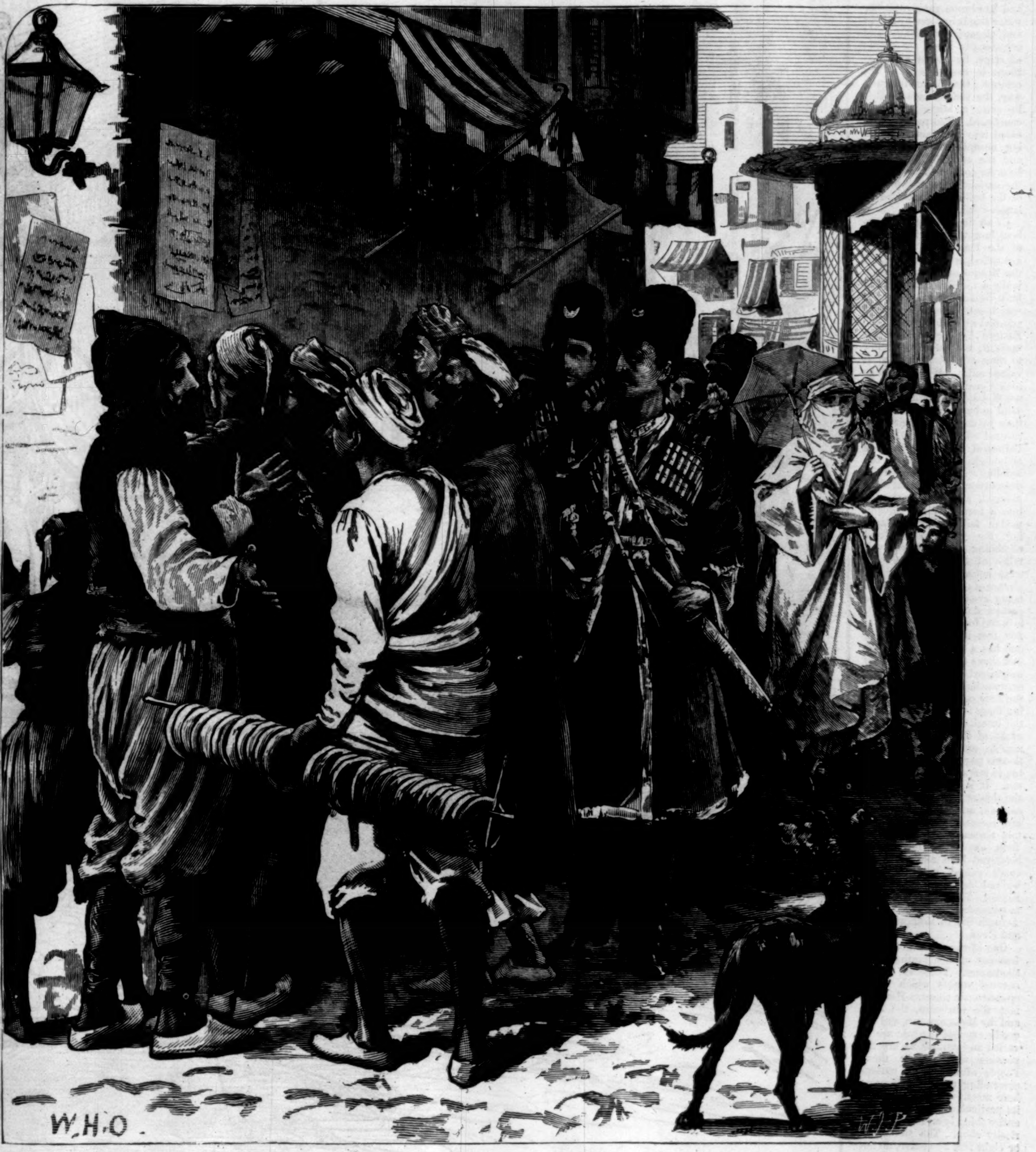
CONSTANTINOPLE.

At the present moment, when the peace of all Europe is threatened by the semi-religious, semi-political war going on between Russia and Turkey, Constantinople, the capital of the latter empire, becomes invested with an importance that it would never be able to claim in times of peace. The sleepy old Mohammedan city, within whose precincts government officials are plotting destruction to the armies of "all the Russias," is situated in latitude 41° N. and longitude 28° 59′ E., on the European side of the channel of Constantinople, or Thracian Bosporus, near its opening into the Sea of Marmora. The inlet called the Golden Horn extends about five miles into the land, and forms a safe and commodious harbor with sufficient depth to float the largest man-of-war. Looked at on the map, the promontory on which stands Constantinople proper, or Stamboul, as it is usually called to distinguish it from the various suburbs, at once strikes the spectator by its curious resemblance to the head of an ox. "There is no need to enter into the vexed question of the etymology of Bosporus," says Mr. Sala, the eminent English author, "but there, with his head pointing to the channel between the two seas, is *Bos* or *Bous*, sure enough, in sharply angular profile. The animal's muzzle is obviously at the kiosk of marble just below Seraglio Point; the gardens of the Winter Harem form the nostril; the eye is at the mosque of Selim I.; the ear is at Egri Kapu, by the ancient palace of the Blachernæ; the curve of the mouth terminates with the gardens of Vlanga Bostani; and the point of the dewlap is at the ruinous mole of Jedi Kule Burun. Deem not the simile which I have traced to be far-fetched. If Stamboul be not shaped like the head of an ox, the Italian peninsula is not shaped like a boot."

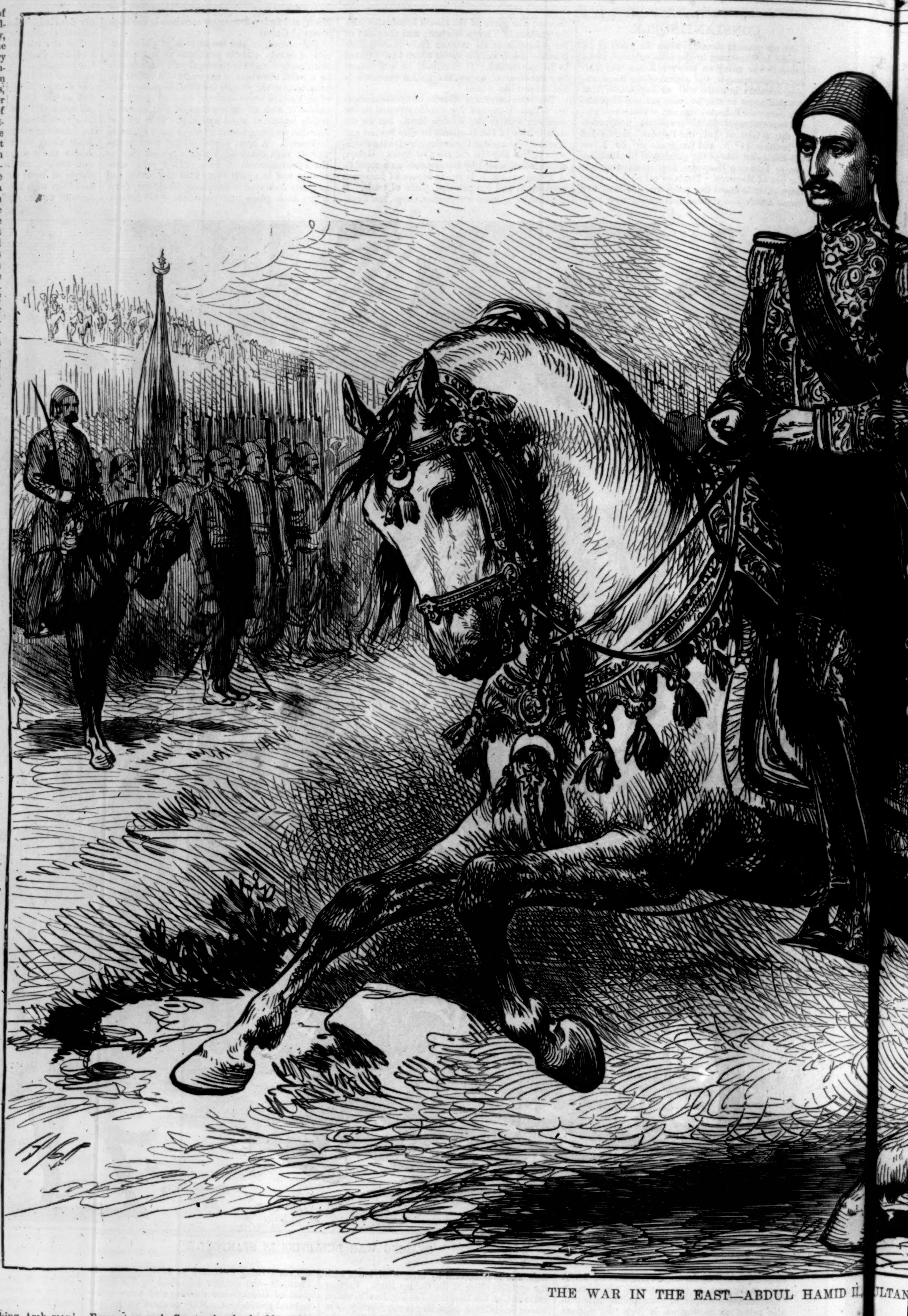


READING WAR BULLETINS IN STAMBOUL.

The most important suburbs of Constantinople are Galata, Pera, and Top-hanêh, situated on the northern side of the Golden Horn; but on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus lie also Scutari and Kadiköi (the ancient Chalcedon), and to the northwest of the city lies the town of Eyub. Galata, which was founded by the Genoese as a republic in Byzantine times, is the residence of European merchants, and the principal place of trade. It contains many great warehouses, shops, and dwellings, and is connected by bridges of boats with the opposite shore of the Golden Horn. Further eastward, on the Bosporus, lies Top-hanêh, within whose limits is the imperial cannon foundry. On the hill behind Galata and Top-hanêh is Pera, the residence of the Sultan and his court, and also of the foreign embassadors. Formerly the only communication between the two suburbs was by means of a lengthened and fatiguing series of street staircases, but of late years a more commodious road has been made, in the shape of a railway running through a tunnel, which, starting from an angle of the Grande Rue de Pera just where that Grande Rue turns to descend the Hill of Galata, pierces a disused and neglected graveyard, called by the Perotes the Petit Champ des Morts, and finds a lowermost terminus in the High Street of Galata.

The scenery of the Bosporus is of almost unrivaled beauty, and the panorama of which Constantinople forms the principal part can scarcely be equaled elsewhere in the world. A nearer approach, however, reveals the usual characteristics of an Eastern town—narrow, crooked streets, incumbered with all descriptions of filth, and miserable houses of wood and clay. It is only of late that dwelling-houses of stone have begun to be erected. A large portion of the town seems to have been constructed with a special view to the encouragement of fires. They occur constantly, and in nearly every case the amount of property destroyed is enormous. In June, 1870, a fire took place that consumed 7000 houses, the value being estimated at $100,000,000. In Phanaris—the quarter inhabited by the better class of Greeks—are dwellings of more architectural pretensions. Many of them are built of stone, and have balconies sustained by brackets cut into steps or ornamented with sculpture. Others, more ancient, recall the narrow fronts of the small French mansions of the Middle Ages, half fortresses and half dwellings. The walls are thick enough to sustain a siege, the iron shutters are bullet-proof, enormous gratings defend the windows, and the cornices seem to transform themselves unconsciously into battlements. This quarter is, in fact, what remains of ancient Byzantium. One feature of Constantinople and its suburbs is the vast number of lean and hungry dogs which haunt the streets, rendering it difficult to obtain a passage in some places.

The city contains, however, many magnificent buildings, chief among which may be mentioned the Seraglio, which, with its irregular buildings, occupies the triangular piece of land washed on one side by the waters of the Sea of Marmora, and on the other by those of the Golden Horn. An embattled wall measuring about three miles in circumference incloses its whole extent, and an embankment paved with large flag-stones extends along the two sides which face the sea. Above the walls, which are mostly dilapidated and sunken, and made up of incongruous fragments of more ancient structures, can be seen buildings with latticed windows, kiosks of a Chinese or rococo style, the cones of cypresses and tufts of plane-trees. The palmy days of Seraglio Point have passed away since the Sultan has fixed his residence on the Pera side. What was once the ancient palace is now converted into a museum, called the Treasury, in which are placed the jewels belonging to the Sultan. The display is a magnificent one, and the eyes are dilated in wonder examining the diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls there exposed to view. Some of these are very large and beautiful. There are swords whose hilts are thickly inlaid with diamonds; exquisite decorations for the turban, composed of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls; saddle-cloths, martingales, and bridles inlaid with pearls, turquoises, and other jewels; drinking cups, vases, silver pitchers for wine, all rich in their embel-



THE WAR IN THE EAST—ABDUL HAMID II., ULTAN

lishments; while a throne of one of the early sultans is almost one mass of inlaid ivory, pearls, and other jewels. The collection must be one of very great value. In the same inclosure are the buildings in which are the throne-rooms, library, and arsenal, the latter containing a large number of muskets of American manufacture. Dolma-baghché, the present abode of the Sultan at Pera, is a splendid building, in the style of the Italian Renaissance. It is inclosed on the main front and land side by a high wall, the entrance through which is by a very elaborate and handsome gateway. The water side is inclosed by a light and elegant iron railing, and occasionally there are flights of steps, by means of which there is easy access to the caïques. Once inside the gateway, the visitor finds himself in quite a large garden or court-yard. The palace is divided into two parts, one being occupied by the Sultan and the other by his harem. In order to thwart the eyes of the curious, the latter portion of the building is inclosed by lattice-work.

Of all the buildings in Stamboul, however, none in the eyes of the Franks, as Christians are called, is so interesting as the Mosque of St. Sophia, originally a Christian church, and built by Justinian in 538. It was internally and externally adorned with all the wealth the Eastern Empire could lavish upon it, and afforded shelter to some of Christianity's most valued relics. When Solyman took Constantinople he could not find any means more powerful to humble the Christians than by degrading their most revered edifice, the St. Sophia Cathedral, into which he rode on horseback. Eventually the building was purified from the desecrations it underwent when pillaged, and was converted into a temple of the Mohammedan faith. Notwithstanding the whitewashing and scrubbing it underwent, all relics of the Christian faith were not quite obliterated, a picture of the Virgin enthroned being even now visible in the eastern dome. The structure is in the form of a Greek cross, 269 feet long by 243 broad, and has a flattened dome 180 feet above the ground, which is considered remarkable for its extreme lightness. At each of the four corners of the building there is a tall minaret. In the interior there are 107 columns of the finest porphyry, marble, and granite, and the floor is paved with waved marble to imitate the rolling of the sea. It is also adorned with the richest Turkey and Persian carpets, and along the walls are recesses with white curtain screens where the devout Turk can retire for prayer. Scattered here and there are small raised pulpits where learned doctors expound the Koran. The other important mosques are those of Solyman, Achmed, Sultan Mohammed II., and Eyub.

One of the most interesting features of Constantinople is the bazars. These are simply covered streets which correspond to our shops. Here are met the Christian, the Jew, and the Mohammedan, and the goods exposed for sale are as varied and curious as are the persons who expose them. People of almost all nations pretending to any civilization here meet. Each portion has its particular articles, and the entire thing is an immense curiosity shop. The stores, six or eight feet by twelve, do not seem large enough to contain much goods; but this, one finds, is not the case when the shop-keeper begins to unload his shelves. The jewels are tempting, and are sold in various forms. From underneath the garment of some greasy-looking Arab may come some of the finest diamonds. The women come here to sell the jewels probably received in their first years of harem life. To many of the shops are little box-rooms in which one can sit while bargaining, and often the shop-keeper offers his customer coffee. Such things as are fancied are placed to one side, and when the selection is complete, the process of securing the lowest price is gone through with, which often ends in getting the article for about one-half what was first asked.

Every stranger in Constantinople should make at least one visit to a Turkish café. These resorts have an individuality of their own utterly unlike any thing to which a European is accustomed. On entering, the traveller finds himself in a saloon of about a dozen feet square, encircled by a wainscoting of about six feet high, and a species of divan covered with straw matting. In the middle—and this is the most elegant point of detail—a fountain of white marble throws up a stream of water which falls again in various streams and clouds of spray. In a corner burns a furnace, over which the coffee is made, cup by cup, as required, in little brass coffee-pots. To the walls are attached shelves laden with razors, near which hang several elegant little pearl-mounted mirrors, in which the customers can see whether their beards are arranged to their taste, for in Turkey every café is also a barber's shop. The idea is prevalent that, according to the rule of the Koran, the Turks absolutely proscribe all images, and regard the products of the plastic arts as works of idolatry. But although this is true in principle, it is not rigorously sustained, and the cafés are decorated with all sorts and sizes of prints of the oddest choice and taste, without appearing to scandalize the orthodox Mussulman in the least. It is delightful, after a fatiguing walk through the streets, to step into one of these cafés and drink one of the small cups of coffee, which is usually served on a salver of silver filigree by a black-eyed youngster somewhere in his teens. To the cup of coffee is in

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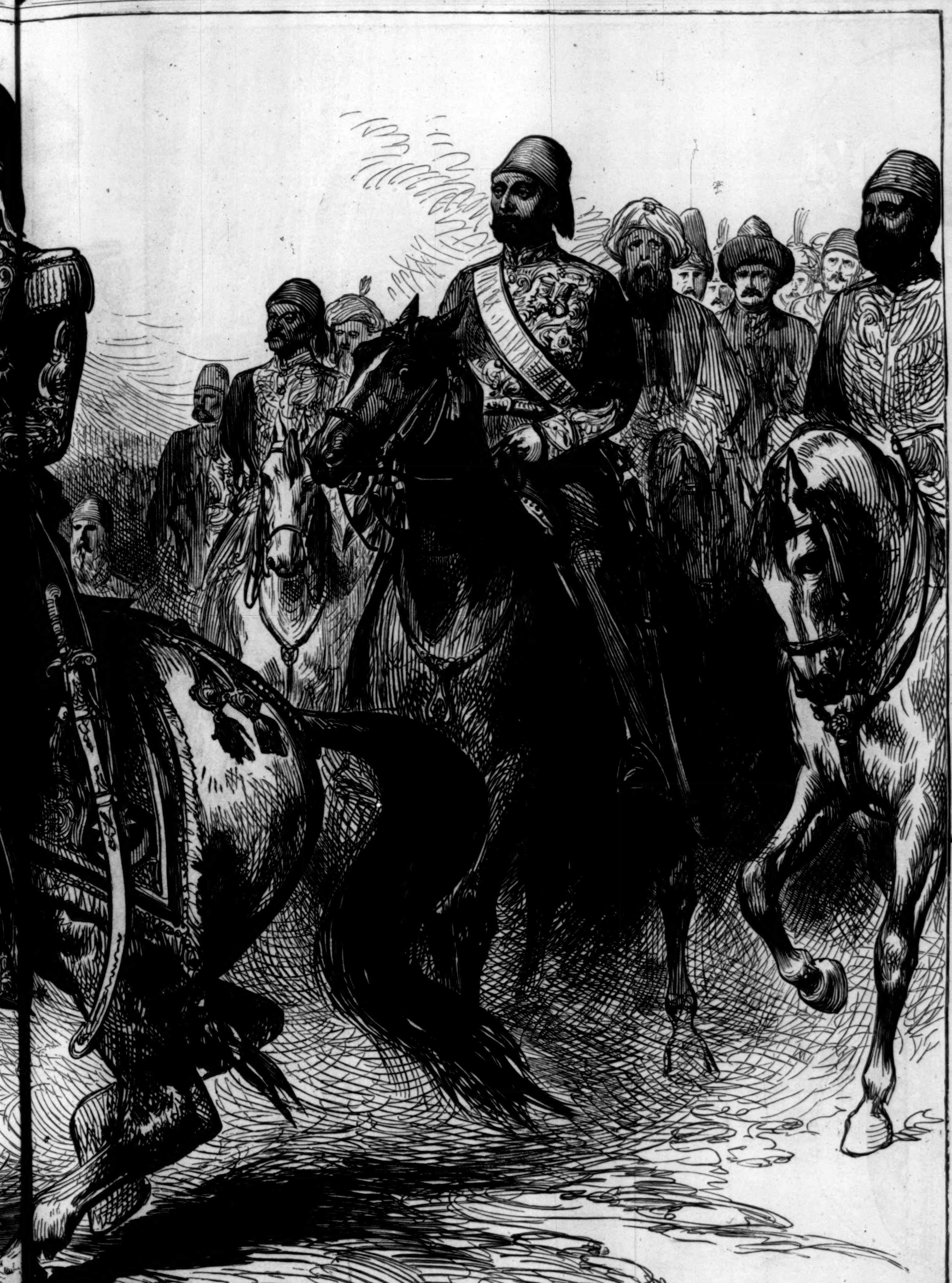

D II. ULTAN, OF TURKEY, REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

added ss of pure water, which
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os of t stom, Théophile Gau-
ch tra , relates the following
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Frank n obscure little Syrian
gged B n incapable, certainly,
a faul he pure Arabic dialect

of the detected foreigner. 'By what have you discovered me to be a Frank?' said the European, as much annoyed as Theophrastus when called 'stranger' by a green-grocer in the market of Athens, because he had misplaced an accent. 'You drank your water *after* your coffee,' replied the Bedouin."

In tobacco the Turks are the greatest connoisseurs in the world. At a café each one goes provided with his favorite brand of the weed, the chibouque only being supplied. The amber mouth-piece is considered incapable of retaining any impurity from use. The nargileh, which is also in general use, would be rather too complicated an apparatus for transportation. Smoking seems necessary to the very existence of a Turk, and might almost be considered a part of his religion. Naturally the shops of tobacconists and of vendors of chibouques and amber mouth-pieces abound every where. The tobacco, cut very fine and disposed in long silky tufts of a pale tint, is laid in masses upon shelves, and arranged with reference to its price and quality. The *tombeki*, a tobacco intended exclusively for the nargileh, comes from Persia. It is not cut like the other, but pressed and broken in small morsels. It is of a darker color, and so strong that it can not be smoked until after two or three washings. Being likely to scatter if exposed to a wind, it is kept in glass jars like a drug. Without the nargileh *tombeki* can not be smoked, and as this form of pipe has never been introduced in Europe, that peculiar brand of tobacco is unknown also. Nothing is supposed to be more delicious or more favorable to poetic reverie than to inhale in gentle puffs, while seated upon the cushions of a divan, this perfumed smoke, freshened by the water through which it passes. It reaches the smoker after passing through a large circular tube, which he entwines round his arm, thus presenting something the appearance of an Arab snake-charmer playing with his serpents. The nargileh is said to be the "sybaritism of smoking carried to the highest degree of perfection." Art itself is exhausted in the endeavor to enhance the fascination of this peculiar enjoyment. Nargilehs are fashioned of gold, silver, and of cut steel, moulded, carved, or engraved with wonderful skill, and in forms as elegant as those of the purest antique vases, while garnets, turquoises, corals, and other stones even more precious are employed to ornament them. In this way the children of the Prophet procure for themselves the prolonged luxury of the *kief* (siesta), and a happy forgetfulness of the world, beside their fountains of marble and beneath the trellis-work and vines of their kiosks. The tobacconists of Constantinople are styled *tutungis*. They are mostly Greeks or Armenians, and have frequently singularly engaging manners. Sometimes—especially during the Ramadan—viziers, pashas, beys, and other dignitaries lounge familiarly in their shops to smoke, talk, and learn the news, sitting meanwhile upon low stools or the surrounding bales of tobacco.

THE POPOFFKAS.

On the following page will be found an engraving of the Russian circular iron-clad *Novgorod*, the invention of Vice-Admiral Popoff, of the Russian navy. The design of this singular craft was submitted to the Russian Minister of Marine about six years ago, and the admiral was at once instructed to set about the work of construction. The inventor's object was to obtain an armor-clad vessel having a small draught—namely, thirteen feet—of dimensions which should allow of an armament of a few guns of heaviest cast, and capable of steaming at a speed sufficient for all purposes of coast defense. These iron-clads have received the name of "Popoffkas," in honor of the inventor.

There are at present two of these vessels afloat in the Black Sea, and naval authorities of all nations are waiting anxiously for the result of their first encounter with the Turkish iron-clads. The *Novgorod* was launched four years ago, and the sister ship, the *Admiral Popoff*, in 1875. These vessels have been carefully inspected by Mr. E. J. Reed, ex-chief constructor of the British navy, who was so much struck with what he considered their advantages over iron-clads of other types that he wrote several letters to the London *Times*, strongly urging the adoption of the plan by England. On his return to England Mr. Reed delivered a lecture on the subject at the United Service Institute, in London, from which we make the following extracts:

> "In the first place, they are circular only in one sense, *i. e.*, their horizontal sections only are circular; or, in other words, they have circular water-lines. The departure from a circle is a small extension or protuberance at the stern for the purpose of facilitating the arrangement and working of the rudder and steering apparatus. It follows, as a consequence from the circular form of water-line, that all the radial sections are alike;.... the bottom of the vessel is an extended plane surface, which is connected with the edge of the deck by a quadrant of a small circle. With this form of section, great displacement is obtained on moderate draught of water....It is but fair to the distinguished designer of these vessels carefully to bear in mind that in so far as the *Novgorod* and *Admiral Popoff* are concerned, they have been designed and built purely for service in shallow waters and near the land....
>
> "The *Novgorod* and *Admiral Popoff* have extensive unarmored houses erected above the armored decks. The chief of these is a spacious forecastle, which, of course, adds greatly to the buoyancy forward when